The Roof of the World, by Adrian Rigelsford

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[Part One]

(Howling wind, frantic voices.)
DAVEY: Get under cover, man. Leave everything. We have to get out of here alive! ??.040 I said, get in the cave. Get under shelter!
(Babble of voices.)
DAVEY: What in the name of
(Roaring, men crying out.)
SHERPA: Lord Davey, Lord Davey, you must come quickly.
(Walking on metal.)
DAVEY: By the heavens, what's this?
SHERPA: There's no grip on the floor. It's like glass.
DAVEY: It can't be. It's just not possible. The walls are smoothed out. This has been carved into the ice. There's no way to tell how high it reaches. It's, it's, it's like some sort of pyramid!
(The Sherpa cries out.)
DAVEY: Who's there? Damn.
MAN: Anum un ras maradakas.
DAVEY: No! That's not possible! you can't be!
MAN: Anam na darak sandaka. Sanctus um (drowned out by whispering voices.)

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Excellent. On target, on schedule, and according to my pocket watch,
PERI: Which you broke a month ago.
DOCTOR: Well, depending on how long we stay here, it'll eventually be right.
PERI: What is that smell?
DOCTOR: Our travelling companions. One of the hazards of travelling in the goods wagon with livestock.
PERI: I thought you said we were going to a cricket match?
DOCTOR: Perfectly correct.
PERI: But we're on a train.
DOCTOR: Travelling to the match, yes.
PERI: And I'm supposed to believe that this is a carefully planned move on your part?
DOCTOR: If I'm not mistaken, this is the ten thirty from Siliguri to Darjeeling. We should make it to the verandah in front of the hotel just in time for afternoon tea. Now, I think if we go through here
(Door opens and closes.)
ERIMEM: I know he has shown me pictures, drawn charts of the pitch and even taught me how to throw a ball, but this cricket still eludes me. What's the point of it?
PERI: Don't get me started.
ERIMEM: And we've come here for cricket?
PERI: Look, occasionally the colonial spirit bug bites him hard, and he has to go and play at being the Edwardian sportsman. Humour him. Smile a lot and clap whenever he scores a run.
ERIMEM: The Doctor has promised that wherever we go, there will always be amazing sights to behold.
PERI: My stepfather Howard used to use the same kind of line, and it would always end up with me sitting in the corner of a tent mixing plaster of Paris to take casts of holes he'd dug in the ground. Huh. Great way to spend your fifteenth birthday.
ERIMEM: And this was archaeology?
PERI: That was his word for it.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: No use that way. That hatch above the roof of the Tardis.
PERI: No way!
DOCTOR: Nonsense, Peri. The exercise will do you good.

PERI: Some things are just not meant to happen. I do not do hatchways in this skirt.
DOCTOR: You should know by now that certain periods of Earth history dictate certain styles.
PERI: Couldn't you have found something more, more. This just feels like 1066 rather than 1917.
(Slides hatch open.)
DOCTOR: Do you see Erimem complaining? She's already outside.
ERIMEM: Doctor, it's beautiful! The countryside. I've never seen such unending green.
DOCTOR: Now, if I cup my hands like this, I should be able to lift you up to the roof of the Tardis and you can follow her into the nice clean fresh air.
PERI: I am not. Oh, okay. Okay. Just don't let go.
(Outside carriage, train whistle blows.)
ERIMEM: I never dreamt there could be so many colours across one land.
DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose sand can get a bit monotonous.
PERI: What is this thing, anyway? I don't think I've ever seen such a small train.
DOCTOR: The locals call it the Toy Train, for the same reason. It may be slow, but its size makes it more agile, able to weave around the route as it climbs. I can't think of a better way to acclimatise.
PERI: You mean it's going up the mountain?
DOCTOR: We're in Tibet, Peri. You can walk a couple of miles and easily ascend a few hundred feet without realising it. Everything's literally an uphill struggle here.
ERIMEM: This train, it has a name?
PERI: Something like the crookedest.
DOCTOR: Krukadest. It's called the Krukadest. Now, if you don't mind.
PERI: You can't go to sleep up here.
ERIMEM: Peri, like a brave warrior, he is about to enter battle with his cricket match. He needs time to prepare.
DOCTOR: Exactly. Erimem understands perfectly. And if I lie on the roof at the correct angle, the movement of the train does wonders for my back.
PERI: Oh, give me a break.
DOCTOR: Oh, and before I forget, remind me to give you both a basic science lesson about liquid nitrogen when we get back inside the Tardis. Someone, and I think I can safely narrow this down to one of two suspects, used one of the canisters from the workroom to freeze the swimming pool. And the ice skates I found by the diving board would tend to suggest the reason why.
PERI: Just plead the fifth amendment. Where I come from, that means you don't have to answer a thing.
DOCTOR: The problem is, we're in India, Peri, not America. And when we are back in the Time Vortex we'll be well and truly out of that particular law's reach. Just hope I score lots of runs, and that my good mood makes me forget for a while.
ERIMEM: Have we annoyed him?
PERI: Oh, forget it. The Doctor gets terribly English with his manners sometimes. Lots of pleases, thank yous, and apologising when he asks you to pass the salt. He likes things to be done in the proper order, so just say sorry and he's happy. Here, I brought this for you in case you get bored.
ERIMEM: Oh. The Hunting of the, of the
PERI: The Snark. It's Lewis Carroll. You liked the Alice story, so I guess that's the next best thing.
ERIMEM: There was one who was famed for the number of things he forgot when he entered the ship. His umbrella, his watch, his jewels and his rings, and the clothes he had brought for the trip.
PERI: Who does that remind you of?
(They laugh.)

(Typing.)
MATTHEWS: Upon his arrival in the grounds of the Grand Imperial Hotel, General Alexander Bruce surveyed what equipment had arrived at this reconnaissance expedition's base of operations and
BRUCE: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. Stop al that at once. Call that a heroic entrance, do you, Matthews?
MATTHEWS: Well, I was just reporting the facts, General. Our arrival in Darjeeling. There's not

exactly much that's heroic about looking at a few tents and some rope.
BRUCE: That's just not the point. You're the expedition correspondent for the Royal Geographical Society, so make it sound regal.
MATTHEWS: I beg your pardon?
BRUCE: Oh, very well, then. Authoritative, commanding.
MATTHEWS: Wouldn't that be better to save for when we get to the actual mountain? I mean, there are only so many adjectives I can use.
BRUCE: Well, find some more, damn it, man. That's what you're being paid for. I have an image to maintain on the printed page. Do you see Conan Doyle giving that detective chap of his poor entrances? I don't think so.
MATTHEWS: Sherlock Holmes is a work of fiction. I'm trying to report clear and accurate facts.
BRUCE: Oh, you think that, do you?
MATTHEWS: It's my job. It's written into my contract.
BRUCE: Oh, blast it. I mean Holmes.
MATTHEWS: You've lost me.
BRUCE: Sherlock Holmes. Just because the name's been changed, it doesn't mean that it didn't actually happen. You must remember, I move within circles where this kind of thing is common knowledge.
MATTHEWS: It's a work of fiction.
BRUCE: Disguising the underlying facts.
MATTHEWS: It's a story. A serialised adventure. Nothing more, nothing less.
BRUCE: Are you telling me that this er, this Watson chap, military service, a doctor, respected figure in London society, do you seriously expect me to believe that he'd make it all up?
MATTHEWS: Holmes is not real. Watson is not real. He did not tell Conan Doyle the stories, and Conan Doyle is not relating them.
(Sighs and resumes typing.)
MATTHEWS: With his head held high, and nobility exuding from his every move or subtle glance, the Sherpas could not help but be in awe of the legendary titan of the exploration world
BRUCE: Better. Much better.
MATTHEWS: General Alexander Bruce, as he strode majestically towards them.
BRUCE: There, that's much more like it. You see? Accepting a little bit of advice is all it takes to get you there. If you learn the art of humility, Matthews, it'll take you a long way.
MATTHEWS: Yes, General. Of course, General.
BRUCE: Now get a move on. Not long till the match starts, so bring your notebook. You'll need an exact description of my every move. It's the only way your readers will learn how to play cricket properly.

DOCTOR: Be careful! You've no idea how delicate some of the equipment is in there.
ERIMEM: Why don't we travel there *in* the Tardis?
DOCTOR: It's all a matter of knowing how to make an entrance. The potential of materialising right in the middle of the pitch is not the kind of thing I want to contemplate happening in this instance.
PERI: Why risk making life easy for yourself and do the logical thing?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
PERI: Oh, Doctor, I read the invite. Three teams of explorers travelling halfway across India for a game of cricket. All of them loaded down with equipment
DOCTOR: Well, it wouldn't be right if I didn't make the effort, hence the porters and the carts.
ERIMEM: Is this for, oh, how did you put it?
DOCTOR: The spirit of adventure.
PERI: I think she means when I told her about the attitudes of the British Raj. All pith helmets and iced tea, sitting on the fence and complaining about how hot it is, ordering slaves around to fetch and carry
DOCTOR: Peri, if you could just pass me my coat.
PERI: See what I mean? This is all just a weak excuse for you to get in to bat.
DOCTOR: Not at all. I promised Erimem that I'd show her different times, different cultures when they were at the height of their powers.
PERI: What about the New York World Fair? The Gettysburg Address?
DOCTOR: Well

PERI: Neil Armstrong landing on the Moon. The Great Wall of China being built.
DOCTOR: Maybe after the cricket.

(Train whistle blows, unintelligible whispering voices.)
DAVEY: Why? Why have you brought me here? My task was complete. I found you. I brought blood to the ice, gave flesh to the ground. Your wishes were fulfilled. I know I nearly failed you. I know my blood was about to be taken, but then I found them by the cave. My life has been as your slave. How can you doubt me? I followed the wisdom of the scrolls, done all that they commanded, and yet still it is not enough? And this, this is not my body. This is the man I sacrificed. What kind of cruelty is this? I did all that I was meant to, and then let the Shadows of Death envelope me. What more do you want of me?
(Erimem laughing. Whispering voices.)
DAVEY: The girl? Of course. And perhaps, in this form, it'll be easier. As my devotion is absolute, your glory will be restored.

(Knocking on door.)
BRUCE: Whoever it is, show more respect and come back when I'm not busy.
(Door opens.)
MATTHEWS: General, it's just that those photographs that you wanted developed, I've got an initial set of proofs and oh. Sorry, I didn't realise.
BRUCE: Well, shut the door, man, and come in.
(Door closes.)
BRUCE: Ignore him. It's just paint and a bit of canvas. Now remember, boy, it has to exude nobility and
MATTHEWS: Charisma?
BRUCE: Exactly. Knew there was a reason to keep you around, Matthews. Certainly seem to be able to find the right words when they're needed.
MATTHEWS: A portrait? Why get it painted out here?
BRUCE: To catch the moment. Encapsulate the atmosphere of my inevitable triumph with this expedition, on the cusp of the week that it's due to happen. Well, you wanted something? I'm terribly busy, you know. Cricket match due to start in an hour.
MATTHEWS: I just told you, the photographs you wanted.
BRUCE: Oh yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Of course, of course. No, no. No, definitely not. That one's appalling. I'm barely in shot.
MATTHEWS: You asked for a group shot of the expedition by the entrance to the hotel, and that's what you got.
BRUCE: Well, I suppose that'll have to do, then. What on Earth is all this about?
MATTHEWS: They're the first pictures to come back from base camp. Harrison was taking general shots of the mountain, hoping there was a chance we'd catch sight of Lord Davey's team.
BRUCE: But they're over-exposed! Ruined! These are no use whatsoever. Look, there's a black mark right above the top of the North Col.
MATTHEWS : It's not a fault with the film stock. I've checked the negative plates. These were taken sequentially over the course of six hours. If you look closely, the black mark is getting larger in each one. Then it's clearly moving down towards camp two. I've asked some of the local Sherpas and they've no idea what it is. Cloud formations at that height are white.
BRUCE: But, cloud formations?
MATTHEWS: If you examine it through a magnifying glass, its shape, everything about it, it looks like a black cloud.
BRUCE: But it's not on this last one.
MATTHEWS: That's the mystery. It suddenly vanishes.
BRUCE: Balderdash! Arrant nonsense on your part, Matthews. That's the only one of any use. Black clouds? Well, you can start the next part of your account, today I started seeing things. Now, be off with you. This fellow's still trying to capture my nobility on canvas.
MATTHEWS: Yes, General. Of course, General.
(Door opens and closes.)
MATTHEWS: Three bags full, General. Arrant nonsense? He's ruddy fluent in it.

ERIMEM: These people, why do some of them stare and point at us like that, Doctor?
PERI: Maybe they've spotted the celery?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid to say it's all to do with the social structure. We're in a hand-drawn cab, obviously able to afford some degree of comfort and they're begging in the streets.
ERIMEM: Lepers.
PERI: Mixing with everyone else? There are kids here.
ERIMEM: I saw it so often around the poorer parts of my city. My father's guards would move them away before a procession, to spare us from seeing them.
PERI: But that's appalling.
ERIMEM: It must have been my fourth, maybe my fifth year, sitting by my father's side as we were carried through the streets. The guards had to clear the way ahead. We'd only stopped for a brief time, but in the shadows I saw a boy. He can only have been my age or maybe a year less. He smiled, reached out towards me, offering a scrap of food he was eating, but then we started to move. He was a leper, Peri, and there was nothing I could do about it then, either.
DOCTOR: Talking of crowds.
PERI: What's going on? Why have we stopped?
DOCTOR: Can't quite see. There seems to be some sort of commotion going on ahead of us. Beggars are swarming around somebody. I think he's trying to reach us.
(Whispering voices.)
DOCTOR: Good afternoon! Are you heading for the cricket match? Can we give you a lift?
(Whispering voices.)
DAVEY: (sotto) I can't. Not here. If I try, the crowd could turn against me. They might try to stop me.
ERIMEM: He's just standing there, staring at us.
DOCTOR: Well, he's certainly not local.
PERI: That gear he's wearing.
DOCTOR: Definitely a European interpretation of what it would take to survive in the snow, but I can't remember the nationality of any other expeditions during this time period.
DAVEY: How reassuring to see such culture and refinement at this time of day.
DOCTOR: Oh, well, I'd hardly say we could be accused of that.
DAVEY: No, no, it's instinctive for aristocracy to recognise similar bloodlines. Tell me, what brings you to such a wasteland for mankind, with your young companion, and er?
DOCTOR: My secretary, Miss Brown.
PERI: What? I am not your
DOCTOR: (sotto) Peri! (normal) Nothing more mysterious than the crack of leather against willow, I'm afraid. I'm keeping a long-held promise to play in a match in the grounds of the Grand Imperial Hotel. Have you heard of it?
DAVEY: Who hasn't? It has a style you quickly become accustomed to.
DOCTOR: You're not staying there yourself?
DAVEY: Not any more, but rest assured that your fellow guests will be most welcoming.
DOCTOR: Perhaps we'll see you there later.
DAVEY: I dare say you will, in one form or another. Until then, farewell, my lady.
(Kisses Erimem's hand. Whispering voices.)
DAVEY: We'll meet again.
(Cart moves on.)
DOCTOR: What a curious fellow.
ERIMEM: What was that noise? It sounded like voices.
PERI: What are you talking about?
ERIMEM: As he kissed my hand, just as he left. I heard whispering.
DOCTOR: Oh, probably just your senses adjusting to the altitude, Erimem. The further we move towards the mountains, the higher we are above sea level. A gentle breeze can sound like a hurricane until you get used to it.
ERIMEM: No, I'm sure it was. Oh, but maybe you're right.
DOCTOR: Just relax, take in the surroundings, and try to enjoy the journey.

DAVEY: She is the key to make the darkness all-powerful. She is the source of all-darkness's light. She is the power to bring their return. She is the key to make darkness all-powerful. She is the source of all-darkness's light. She is the power to bring their return. She is the key to make darkness all-powerful. She is the source of all-darkness's light. She is the power to bring

their return. Darkness all-powerful. Darkness light. Return. Return. They will return. They will return!

(A bowler runs up and pitches his toss.)
BRUCE: That's more like it, Matthews. Now keep it up, man.
MATTHEWS: If I could just have a few minutes, General. My line of work doesn't normally call for this sort of thing. I don't normally get the time.
BRUCE: There's always time for cricket. Why'd you think I've arranged this match to take place?
MATTHEWS: Now that you come to mention it. I mean, the turn out's not been what you could call spectacular. Just your own men and a few Sherpas.
BRUCE: Oh, they will come, they will come. I have every faith in the fact. Even in the farthest outposts of our Empire, there will always be a part of England that stands firm in all that it holds dear, and makes time for sport.
MATTHEWS: What about football? Rugby? Tennis?
BRUCE: Oh, why bother with games for amateurs and the poor, when you can partake in a challenge for real men. Now hurry up, come on, bowl!
(Bowler runs up, pitches, the batsman takes his swing and)
DOCTOR: Howzat!
BRUCE: What in the name of
MATTHEWS: I do believe you've been caught out, General.
DOCTOR: Forgive the use of the vernacular. Probably not a term you're familiar with here.
BRUCE: Now look here, sir.
DOCTOR: General Alexander Bruce, if I'm not mistaken. I've read your essays on the defeat of Rourke's Drift and the threat of the Kaiser in Europe. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.
BRUCE: Well, I, I, er
PERI: (sotto) Nice touch.
DOCTOR: (sotto) It's an old trick. I used it quite a lot in a past life.
BRUCE: And if you don't mind me saying so, you are?
DOCTOR: My invitation. I'm sorry I'm so late. There were delays at the station in Darjeeling.
BRUCE: There you go, Matthews. Stuck in a bit of traffic. Rest of them sure to follow.
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and these are my travelling companions, Erimem and
BRUCE: Oh, never mind all that for the moment. Get your coat off and you can bowl. Let poor Matthews here get his breath back. And you, er, Miss
ERIMEM: Erimem.
BRUCE: There are refreshments on the verandah over there. I'm sure the Doctor's secretary will look after you.
PERI: Now look, I am not
BRUCE: Come on, Doctor. Let's see what you're made of.

(Polite applause of small crowd watching the match.)
MATTHEWS: Iced lemonade, ladies?
PERI: Let me guess. Everyone thinks you're the General's butler.
MATTHEWS: He certainly sees it as part of my job description. And you are?
PERI: Peri. Don't go heavy on the ice. Where are all the other expeditions? I thought this cricket match was to show some sign of unity, everyone heading towards a common goal.
MATTHEWS: Nobody's quite sure what's happened to them. There's no sign of the French or the Swiss. They don't seem to have made it back from their base camps yet.
PERI: Well, the Doctor's looking forward to trying to get us to the foothills. Erimem's never seen snow-capped mountains before.
MATTHEWS: I think I might be able to do something about that.
PERI: Cheers.
MATTHEWS: What about your friend?
PERI: Do you want a drink, Erimem?
(Whispering voices.)
PERI: Erimem? Hey, are you okay?
ERIMEM: Over there, beyond the gateway leading to the hotel, in the shadows under the trees.
PERI: I don't see anything.
ERIMEM: I'm sure. I'm sure I could see the man who spoke to us in the street.
PERI: I don't see anyone. He couldn't possibly have got here ahead of us. You're probably

dehydrating. Have something to drink. It's the altitude. My mind's beginning to play tricks on me as well. I think I just saw the Doctor score a run.
(The crowd is cheering.)
MATTHEWS: You might like to see these. Bit of a preview for you. They're reconnaissance photos of the entire north east ridge and summit of Everest.
ERIMEM: (gasps) No! Take them away!
(Glass breaks.)
MATTHEWS: Watch out! I was only trying to
PERI: Erimem, it's okay. They're gone.
MATTHEWS: What on Earth's wrong with her?
PERI: If you could just, you know, give me a minute. She'll be fine. It's been a long journey.
MATTHEWS: Of course. Just shout if there's anything I can do.
PERI: Sure.
(Matthews leaves.)
PERI: Erimem, what's wrong? What did you see in the pictures?
ERIMEM: The pyramid. The white pyramid.
PERI: It's just a mountain. Mainly ice, but still just a load of old rocks.
ERIMEM: No, no, you don't understand. When I was a child, we were told about the white pyramid, where the greatest evil was meant to sleep. And if you see it, it means it will take your soul.
PERI: That's just folklore. Adults spinning out pointless superstitions like the boogeyman. Just a threat to put in kid's minds that makes them stay in bed at night.
ERIMEM: To you it may be a mountain, Peri, but all I can see in that picture is a white pyramid. It brings back the kind of dreams that you can only wish will stay forgotten.
MATTHEWS: Ladies, if you don't mind. Just one photograph. Might add a touch of beauty that the General's book might otherwise be lacking.
PERI: Now is really not a good time.
MATTHEWS: Smile!
(Click of shutter, puff of flash powder igniting.)

(Another ball is bowled.)
MAN: Oh, well done, sir.
BRUCE: That's a four.
MAN: Very good.
BRUCE: Capital, capital. Fine batsman, Doctor. How do you find the time to practice?
DOCTOR: Well, I have to confess I don't. I think the last time must have been in a match with Lord Cranleigh. You might know of him. His brother George was a renowned explorer.
BRUCE: I can't say I do, meself. But Cranleigh? Yes, of course. I think the family's related by marriage to one of our team leaders, Lord Davey.
DOCTOR: What a strange coincidence. We met him in the street when we were leaving Darjeeling.
BRUCE: Not only strange, Doctor, but nigh on impossible.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
BRUCE: Lord Davey should be well over half way up the mountain. He set off a week ago to establish the base camp for the expedition's main assault. What on Earth's the matter with them now? (shouts) Yes, yes, of course I can see it. Haven't you ever seen a rain cloud before?
DOCTOR: The speed that it's moving towards us might be what's alarming them, General. It would probably be prudent to abandon the match and retreat to the lobby of the hotel.
BRUCE: Oh, don't be stupid, old boy. A little rain never hurt anyone.
DOCTOR: To be honest, I think that's the least of its intentions. (shouts) Everyone, get inside the hotel! Why aren't the Sherpas moving?
BRUCE: I think you'll find that it's me who gives the orders round here, Doctor.
(Wind blows, men cry out.)

PERI: We have to get inside.
MATTHEWS: Just two more seconds. I have to get a picture of this. Here, hold the flash gun for me.
PERI: This is suicide.
MATTHEWS: Peri, if I get this on film, it'll make me enough money in the newspapers to get

away from here, to get away from him.
PERI: Well, be quick. What do I do?
DAVEY: Good afternoon, my dear. I trust you're well.
ERIMEM: Who said that? I can't see you. Where are you?
DAVEY: These words are for you, and you alone, so it's only you who needs to hear them.
ERIMEM: Your voice. I know your voice.
DAVEY: Your powers of recognition are to be applauded, but let's not worry ourselves with that for the moment. You must listen to me, and listen carefully.
(Flash click.)
ERIMEM: Oh, my eyes!
PERI: It was just a flash gun. Erimem, come on. We have to get out of here.
ERIMEM: But that man.
PERI: There's nobody else here. Come on! Move!

(Doors closed.)
DOCTOR: Grab anything you can that can be used to barricade against the doors. We have to keep it out of here as long as possible. Is there a cellar here?
BRUCE: I, I, I think so. You means wines and brandy, that sort of thing?
DOCTOR: Good. We have to make it think we're retreating to the upper levels of the building. Peri, get down there with Erimem as fast as you can and make sure that all of the shutters are bolted across all of the hatchways. And don't make a sound.
MATTHEWS: Just a minute. You're making it sound as though it's alive.
DOCTOR: For all intents and purposes, I think it probably is. It's trying to get inside the hotel. Since when have you heard of a storm cloud trying to book a room? It's capable of changing course of its own volition and it seems to be after something. We just have to stop it from finding it. General, do you feel up to acting as a live bait?
PERI: Erimem, we have to move. We're going to go down to the cellars. Are you okay?
DAVEY: Tell her you're fine, and that you'll do anything she wants you to.
ERIMEM: I'm fine, Peri. I'll do anything you want me to.
DAVEY: Tell her you'll go on ahead of her and start closing the shutters.
ERIMEM: I'll go and start closing the shutters, make sure there's no way outside.
DAVEY: Good.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Well, let's get on with it, then, shall we?
(Door bursts open.)
DOCTOR: Somebody get that closed, quick!
MATTHEWS: Doctor, it's Erimem. Look, she's outside.
DOCTOR: What? Let me past. I've got to get her back.
BRUCE: No! Damn it man, no! Can't you see it's too late for her? There's nothing we can do.

(People shouting.)
ERIMEM: I am the key to make darkness all-powerful. I am the source of all-darkness's light. I am the power to bring their return. I am the key to make darkness all-powerful. I am the source of all-darkness's light. I, I am the power to bring their, their return. (screams)
(Lightning, winds)

[Part Two]

(Needle placed on record, crackles. Imperial background music.)
BRUCE: When Caesar returned to Rome, triumphant and all-conquering, leading a procession of all his armed might, a slave, a poor wretch whose spirit had been all but destroyed, cowered behind him, holding a golden laurel wreath over his master's head. And in a voice that only his master could hear he whispered, remember thou art mortal, and, all glory is fleeting. We are not burying these men, merely putting them to rest. Their spirit will never die, That will always be with us. Their ferocious courage will live on in the heart of this expedition and all who follow in its path. History only forgets the cowards, and that is why these men will always be remembered. Sixteen Sherpas and seven of my own men, and the young lady travelling with the Doctor and Peri. Make no mistake, this is an unbearable tragedy, but I cannot think of a better way to be remembered than their mission and the aims that they were trying to achieve.

For what is life if you do not take on adventure?
(Music stops.)
BRUCE: Er, Doctor, I believe you wanted to say a few words.
DOCTOR: Thank you. A few words. That's just the problem, though. How can you actually find the right ones to express what you think and feel when the last thing you ever expected to do was have to say goodbye. Erimem was all that she was and so much more. While she was travelling with me, with Peri, (fades out) the speed of events
(Peri is crying.)
PERI: She'll never see the other sunsets, the different coloured skies, or the stars that reach beyond them. The Doctor always said there are things we can't stop, things we can't control. Trust him to forget to mention how they can hurt you.
ERIMEM: Peri, what's happened? Why are you crying?
DAVEY: I wouldn't reach out to touch her, my dear. You might find the results somewhat alarming.
ERIMEM: What are you doing here?
DAVEY: Think of me as a reassuring voice at a time you need to hear one.
ERIMEM: What's happening here? Why can't Peri hear me?
DAVEY: It's all a matter of perception, and how open minds are to seeing things they don't necessarily understand.
ERIMEM: I shan't pretend to understand you, but I certainly know you're hiding your true intent behind your words. If you'll excuse me, I must speak with the Doctor.
DAVEY: I promise you, he won't even sense the breeze as you run towards him. Why don't we just leave them both to grieve in silence. It's the respectable thing to do.
ERIMEM: Something strange must have happened. That line of wooden boxes. Why is everybody staring at them?
DAVEY: Yes, quite a spectacle, if you ask me. And only an appropriate few draped with a Union Jack. So nice to see the colonial spirit is still intact even in the face of death, don't you think?
ERIMEM: Death?
DAVEY: It's a funeral. A mass funeral. Each and every one of them is a sarcophagus.
ERIMEM: What's happened, Doctor? Why have so many people died?
DOCTOR: And then there's the snow and ice. It's the complete opposite of what she was used to.
BRUCE: Afraid I don't understand you, old boy.
ERIMEM: Why are you ignoring me?
DOCTOR: Erimem was Egyptian.
BRUCE: Ah. Sand. Understood.
ERIMEM: Doctor, please!
DOCTOR: I wanted her to see the ice pinnacles, the blinding unending whiteness of the snow plateau.
ERIMEM: Oh! My arm!
DOCTOR: It's the kind of spectacle that etches itself into your subconscious. Once seen
ERIMEM: My arm went straight through him.
BRUCE: Never forgotten. I quite agree.
DAVEY: I did try to warn you.
BRUCE: Ah, Miss Brown?
ERIMEM: Peri! (echoes)
PERI: I just want to leave here.
BRUCE: Would you care to join us in the clubhouse? Toast the memory of the dearly departed?
ERIMEM: What is happening to me?
BRUCE: Not allowed, strictly speaking. A woman in a men's club and all that. But I think we can bend the rules a little in this instance.
PERI: Just spare me the chauvinism and lead the way.
BRUCE: Quite.
ERIMEM: Why won't anybody answer me! Please!
DAVEY: As I think I mentioned, it's all down to the way they look at things. They see your death as being a final end.
ERIMEM: How can I be dead? *You* can see me, speak to me.
DAVEY: My point entirely. My dear, you have transcended to another level of existence. You

are in a place where only your lack of understanding make you continue to see the Doctor, Peri, those coffins, the hotel, the ground, the snow and even the sky above us.
(Their voices start to echo.)
ERIMEM: But that's where I am. Here. Now.
DAVEY: I grant you it's all a matter of how you view your own particular reality. In order to be able to see clearly, one merely need know how to look. Does my face betray the expression of a man who's lying?
ERIMEM: I cannot say that I trust you. I don't even know who you are. I saw you in the street at the hotel. And your voice. I know I kept hearing it, but I can't remember why.
DAVEY: I am the key to your future power. I'm also here to help open your eyes. I promise you, wherever you are, wherever you go, anywhere around the streets or hotel, your reception will be just the same. To put it bluntly, you're dead.
(Whispering voices.)

(Chanting voices under Erimem's speech.)
ERIMEM: The temple? How can I be here? How can I be home after the Tardis took. Oh! Pyran! Pyran, wait! Please.
PYRAN: The islands of fire.
ERIMEM: I command you as your Pharaoh to obey me.
PYRAN: Who assembles the spirits.
ERIMEM: It's the same with you, isn't it? The Doctor, Peri, the High Priest. Can this be death? Who do I answer to? How can I ascend to my place amongst the gods? Is that not the right of any Pharoah? I forgot. How can you answer words you cannot hear. But how can it all be so wrong? Everything I've been taught, my faith, my beliefs, the whole basis of what my destiny would be. Everything my father. My father. What would he said to this. This chamber. I don't know why but I'm sure I remember. Of course, it was here. The kitten. My first kitten. This was where it got lost, the night after the feast. I wanted to show it where the golden statues glowed in the moonlight. I had to wake father. We moved through the night with burning torches. He shielded my eyes from the sun with his cloak. His blue cloak. I remember how soft it was against my skin. I've never been so scared. And its cries, you remember how they echoed? Antranak led the way, but it was you who found her, Pyran. You were the only one who could sense where she might be. You were there. Please, tell me you remember.
(Silence.)
DAVEY: Interesting, isn't it?
ERIMEM: Leave me alone.
DAVEY: What? And leave you here in the dark, in this labyrinth of decaying prayers? Are you sure that's what you want, complete solitude and silence? I thought not. Why stay where you're not even a memory? You aren't even destined to share your ancestor's inglorious fate, gathering dust in a museum, with faces fading on papyrus.
ERIMEM: Your words mean nothing to me.
DAVEY: Probably for the best. You still seem reluctant to take in the truth.
ERIMEM: These are tricks. Simple illusions. I do know know what kind of conjurer you are, but your magic cannot last forever.
DAVEY: I see. Denial first, now resentment and anger. This man, this priest before us. Do you trust him?
ERIMEM: He ranks highly in the Council of Priests. Why should he prove to be anything but loyal?
DAVEY: Loyalty has nothing to do with it. What do you think his thoughts are concerning you?
ERIMEM: Devotion. Nothing but the highest respect for me. Which is how it should be. My father loved me, and whatever he felt towards people, well, his priests would act the same.
DAVEY: Really.
(Whispering voices.)

(Breaking glass.)
AMENHOTEP: Damnable child.
ERIMEM: Father!
AMENHOTEP: Pyran, by all that is within my power as Pharaoh, I swear that she will be made an outcast.
ERIMEM: But, he's dead!
DAVEY: How sweet of you to maintain the family tradition.

AMENHOTEP: I should have known. You prophesied that there would be a downfall in the bloodline if I let her live. The gods spoke against my having a daughter. It was insanity not to sacrifice her as soon as she was born.
ERIMEM: No!
AMENHOTEP: She must be wiped from our memories. As far as I, your Council, my ancestors and all who come after them will be concerned, there will never have been an heir born unto this House who answers to the name of Erimem.
ERIMEM: Why are you making him say this?
DAVEY: You believe the words of dead man, and yet can't believe the truth when I present it to you?
ERIMEM: This can't be real. He would never do this to me.
AMENHOTEP: I hereby decree that all that Erimem is, all that she represents, and all that she could possibly be, shall no longer be spoken of in this Kingdom.
ERIMEM: (gasps) Father!
AMENHOTEP: I would rather take a beggar from the street and make *him* successor to my throne than ever let that vile wretch's talons within reach of my power. When the time comes, I will no longer have a daughter.
ERIMEM: (crying) Father, please.
AMENHOTEP: The next anniversary of her birth, make it be known that on that day she will be thrown to the leopards, bound and gagged.
ERIMEM: Why?
AMENHOTEP: Then we will know if the taste of *her* flesh is even too sour for them.
(Footsteps, door slammed.)
DAVEY: I didn't see your friend the priest put up much of an argument in your favour.
ERIMEM: When? When was this due to take place?
DAVEY: Your death? Oh, I dare say it would have been reckless to plan beyond your next birthday, but what does it matter? It never happened. He died.
ERIMEM: Then why show me?
DAVEY: So you understand your destiny. The past has rejected you. Who's to say that since you left Egypt your father's wishes haven't been put in place? As you said yourself, whatever he felt, Pyran would act upon. Even memories of you have been outlawed.
ERIMEM: No!
DAVEY: More anger? Come, come. What is there left for you? History doesn't want you, Time has forgotten you. You were never even there.
ERIMEM: There's still the Doctor. From what little I understand of him, Time doesn't hold him. He's beyond its reach. The Doctor will always be there, and Peri. I'll always have Peri.
(Whispering voices.)

PERI: (crying) Doctor, please. Help me.
ERIMEM: Peri! What's happened to you?
DAVEY: My, my. A multiple tragedy. It would appear that two more coffins might be in order. I wouldn't try touching her. Remember what happened the last time?
ERIMEM: But she's injured!. I can barely see in this light. I have to help her.
PERI: (weak) Please, Doctor.
DAVEY: The amount of blood on the floor would tend to suggest that you might be too late.
ERIMEM: Why are you doing this to me?
PERI: Help me.
DAVEY: Cast your mind back a little more than a minute or so. As far as I can recollect, you said you'd always have Peri. Well, there she is, right in front of you.
ERIMEM: But she's dying.
DAVEY: So it would seem.
PERI: I can't, Doctor. I'm sorry.
ERIMEM: You have to let me help her. There must be something I can do.
DAVEY: Why don't you ask her for yourself?
PERI: Hello, Erimem.
ERIMEM: Peri. But you're
PERI: Lying in a pool of blood on the floor? Yes. I can see that.
ERIMEM: But you can hear me.
PERI: Do the math, Erimem. It's not that difficult when you're dead.
ERIMEM: There was nothing I could do.

PERI: Oh really? I could see you standing there. Did you move towards me? No. Did you try to help me? No. Did you try to find the Doctor and get help? No. You just stood there and watched me die.
ERIMEM: But he, he said
PERI: Who said? There's nobody here. You're dead as well, now, and you could have saved both of us.
ERIMEM: I was already dead. I couldn't do anything.
PERI: Don't give me that. You were standing right next to me when that section of the console blew up. You froze, pathetic and whining with fear.
ERIMEM: I couldn't have been there. I was in my father's throne room. He was
PERI: Don't try and hide behind lies. You let me die!
ERIMEM: No!
PERI: Do you ever think about the risks we've taken for you? How often the Doctor puts his own life on the line to try and stop you from getting killed? Egypt, Kalderon, the Axis? Think about it.
ERIMEM: I never asked for help.
PERI: But that's the whole point! You travel with the Doctor. He never asked anything of you, and I never expected it. I guess we should have known that when we needed you, you'd fail. You betrayed the faith we put in you and let us down.
ERIMEM: Peri, stop this! You're my friend. I trusted you like you were my own, my own family.
PERI: You let them down, Erimem. You betrayed *them* as well, You abandoned their hopes for you, their plans. A stronger woman would have stayed.
ERIMEM: You know what happened, what led me to leaving in the Tardis with you.
PERI: Well, now nobody remembers you, and nobody cares.
ERIMEM: That can't be true.
(Small explosions.)
PERI: What would you know about the truth? You can't even see it when it's staring you straight in the face! We never wanted you here. You have no right to be in the Tardis.
ERIMEM: But the Doctor
PERI: The Doctor is dying.
(Cloister Bell tolls.)
PERI: You've killed everything he stood for. Everything he believed in and fought for. He never would have wanted it to end like this, but you've left him with no choice. You hear that sound?
ERIMEM: It, it's a bell?
PERI: And it means the final end. You could have helped. You could have stopped all this from happening.
(Explosion.)
PERI: Because of you, part of the universe has just died. The lives that the Doctor saved, the tyranny he's overthrown, you've stopped it all now. He'll never happen again. You've killed off the hope that people saw with him.
DAVEY: You do seem to have annoyed her.
ERIMEM: You have to help her.
DAVEY: What? And spoil her stream of invective? I was rather enjoying it.
ERIMEM: Peri, look. You have to look. This man, he can help you. He brought me here. He can take you with us. He can get us out before it's too late.
DAVEY: She can't hear you any more.
ERIMEM: Can't or won't?
DAVEY: She holds you responsible for destroying her world, so can you honestly blame her for choosing silence over the sound of your voice?
ERIMEM: I don't want to be here any more.
DAVEY: But my dear girl, you said you would always have Peri. She's standing right in front of you. Surely that's what you wanted. Surely this is where you feel you belong.
ERIMEM: Maybe I was wrong.
DAVEY: Never assume that everything can remain the same. Just tell me that you want to leave here. That's all I have to hear.
ERIMEM: Do it.
(Whispering voices.)

(Walking on packed snow.)
ERIMEM: Where are you? I can't see where you've gone.

(Flare of flame.)
DAVEY: Fascinating, isn't it? Petrified, frozen in time, caught by the ice just after the moment of death.
ERIMEM: Who is this?
DAVEY: Look closer. I promise you, he won't move. Even if he tried, I think he might shatter.
ERIMEM: His face! It's *your* face.
DAVEY: Exactly. Or rather, it was.
ERIMEM: But that would mean you're
DAVEY: I've use many different races, creeds and colours through my time on this world.
ERIMEM: It's your body.
DAVEY: And like anything else that the rules of evolution dictate to, you discard it when you no longer need it. I'm in a different place now. We both are.
ERIMEM: There is meant to be so much more than this.
DAVEY: According to your own customs and beliefs, you have a valid point. Let me show you something. This body over here.
ERIMEM: So many dead. What happened here?
DAVEY: A step up the ladder of evolution. Oh, I apologise about the Sherpas. Brave and resilient in their own way, but necessary casualties for the events that lie ahead of us. Over here. This chap sitting cross-legged.
ERIMEM: His face, it's covered in markings. Symbols or signs, I don't know.
DAVEY: Religious tattoos. A sign of devotion.
ERIMEM: His robes are those of a priest, but there is no gold lining, no evidence of a belt for his money bag, or a pocket to carry his flask of water.
DAVEY: Go on. Look deeper. Tell me what your instincts see.
ERIMEM: His skin. Even when covered in ice you can see that it is dry. His cheeks are hollow, his eyes dark around the lids and deep-set. But his eyes, his eyes are empty. I have seen many dead men and their faces before their souls depart. There is an air of tranquillity, of hope because they are about to meet their god. But this man, there is something strange.
DAVEY: Perhaps he knows he is about to move on to greater power, to the truth of his destiny.
ERIMEM: No. It's something evil. I know that whoever he is, his soul was not the spirit of a good man.
DAVEY: He was a disciple of the dark arts. An explorer, if you like, who made a unique discovery. And, you know, even his most ardent acolytes were fearful of what he had found. It became a matter of necessity that they should die.
ERIMEM: The cloud. That thing that
DAVEY: That killed you? Yes, they met their demise in a similar fashion. Appetites need to be sated. There was no other way to appease it, control it. Besides, that is merely the guardian of what he had actually found.
ERIMEM: How do you know so much about him?
DAVEY: You're talking to him. Well, your silence shows you're willing to listen.
ERIMEM: Your words make no sense.
DAVEY: Man or beast, tigers, snakes, scorpions, all of them are vessels. And I move between whichever ones I choose.
ERIMEM: Those are the words of a man who pretends to be a god.
DAVEY: That depends on how you define what a deity is.
ERIMEM: I fear nothing from a false god.
DAVEY: I see. Maybe a little reassurance is in order. Kindly close your eyes.
ERIMEM: No.
DAVEY: Well, don't say I didn't warn you. It's only a short trip, but the light at the end of the tunnel might hurt.
(Whispering voices.)

ERIMEM: Ah! My eyes! It's burning my eyes!
DOCTOR: Close your eyes, Erimem. Just hold on. It'll pass. The refracting light in here can make it feel like you're staring into a sun glass.
ERIMEM: It can't be you.
DOCTOR: Incredibly impressive though, I mean, carving out the interior of a pyramid right in the middle of a mountain in the heart of an icefall. That's engineering of the highest order, but then again your people were always rather good at that sort of thing.
ERIMEM: Doctor, how can you have survived

DOCTOR: Now, don't be alarmed. Everything's fine. It might all seem a little confusing, frightening even, but trust me, this is exactly how things are meant to be.
ERIMEM: You're still alive! I thought you were killed.
DOCTOR: Killed? Well, yes, that does unfortunately appear to be the case. Type Forty's are notorious on many levels, and the instability once an antimatter explosion starts to occur. Let's just say in retrospect it was reckless of me to ignore that possibility for so long.
ERIMEM: How can you be here? Here with me now? Are things the same? Can we travel, explore, what was it you called it, a universe of possibilities, just like we used to?
DOCTOR: Bit of a loaded question, Erimem. Best if you think of me as a temporary visitor rather than a long-term guest. For once, Time is not on my side.
ERIMEM: He brought you here, didn't he. To try to persuade me. He's using you because he knows you're the only voice I'd listen to, the one hope I'm holding on to as the way to get away from here, just as Jarra To did.
DOCTOR: Now look, don't think for one moment that I agree with any of this. Sometimes you just have to understand the nature of what's inevitable. You put your trust in me the minute I met you, and I never deliberately guided you into danger. Quite the reverse. Sometimes circumstances dictate that there is a certain amount of risk involved, but how often does it fail to be resolved for the greater good.
ERIMEM: Well, we're both dead, so this time it didn't really work out in your favour.
DOCTOR: Yes, quite.
ERIMEM: I saw Peri die.
DOCTOR: I see.
ERIMEM: She'd been caught by the flames, burnt. I couldn't help her. She was trying to get out of the control room.
DOCTOR: You know, I really don't think you should remind yourself.
ERIMEM: She was trying to reach you.
DOCTOR: So soon after the event, don't you think?
ERIMEM: Why don't you want to know? She was dying, and her last thoughts were to try and help *you*.
DOCTOR: Erimem, there's nothing that could be done about it. Peri's gone. I'm gone. The only one with any potential future beyond this point is you.
ERIMEM: Why? Why should I be spared this? Why me and not you? This talk of the future, my potential, what's going to happen to me. If this is my fate, then the gods have rejected me. If this is hell then I am truly damned.
DOCTOR: Erimem, if you've learnt anything from your time with me, surely it's to try and understand what the true cause is behind any situation.
ERIMEM: Go on.
DOCTOR: It's all to do with your father. He saw the potential of certain, shall we say, powers, and because he didn't understand them his immediate reaction was to fear them. I suppose that's a natural reaction, but it's as I said. If you look for the truth, then it all makes sense.
ERIMEM: My father despised me. I know that now. Why should I care?
DOCTOR: He didn't realise it, but he was the key to your future. Let me show you.
(Whispering voices.)

AMENHOTEP: Maranak, Maranak, come quickly.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Your father took the basic rules of cartography and turned them towards the sky. He was quite the innovator.
AMENHOTEP: Behold, another burning light.
ERIMEM: I remember him when I was a child, moving his hands around towards the stars, showing me what patterns there were, telling me stories about what he believed they meant.
AMENHOTEP: The power of its light is trailing in its wake. Is this its dying time? Could it fall from the sky?
DOCTOR: He despatched envoys travelling under the guise of traders to every outpost of his empire. Wherever they found scrolls, tablets of any form, or images that related to the stars, the Pharaoh's gold exchanged hands.
ERIMEM: He argued with the priests about their meaning. I can still see them. Their voices woke me. I watched from where I knew I could not be seen.
AMENHOTEP: These prophets, Maranak, these wise men from the east, they would have be believe that this is a sign that the sky will fall. They will learn that *I* am right.

ERIMEM: His cruelty to anybody whose opinion differed from what he believed.
(Sounds of a man with no tongue.)
ERIMEM: Poor Maranak. Even after my father silenced him, he still sacrificed his life in *his* honour.
DOCTOR: Or did he make the mistake of choosing to disagree?
ERIMEM: I don't feel anything for my father. Even though I am of his blood, I know what he truly thought of me.
DOCTOR: You don't have to feel, just understand.
ERIMEM: Understand what?
DOCTOR: Why he was afraid of you.
ERIMEM: That's one thing I know he could never be.
AMENHOTEP: Fetch more wine, Maranak, and be quick about it.
ERIMEM: Look at him, Doctor. He was a warrior above all else. Whenever he went away, I always dreamt of battles where he led the charge into the darkness on a black chariot.
DOCTOR: Think about what you're saying. What kind of battles take place at night?
ERIMEM: It was just my imagination.
DOCTOR: But influenced by what? You just said yourself that you overheard arguments with his wise men, the scholars. What did you hear that planted that thought in your head?
(Whispering voices.)

(Bare feet running past.)
ERIMEM: Doctor, that child.
DOCTOR: Quiet.
ERIMEM: She's at the door where I would hide and listen to the priests. And the wound on her hand, from pulling my kitten free from the rocks in the temple.
(Meow. Shushing.)
ERIMEM: It can't be.
DOCTOR: Can you think of a better way to refresh your memory. Now listen and try to remember.
(Door opens.)
AMENHOTEP: What right do you think you had to destroy those scrolls? You undermine my authority, my rule, with such disregard, and you expect me to allow you to survive this night alive?
(Hubbub.)
AMENHOTEP: No, not a word. Not even a breath from any of you. You interpret everything as a threat to your faith. If there's evidence to suggest there might be something else, another power, a greater force that might undermine the gods you believe in, well, those document were proof. But do you have the ability to accept that there are such things as Old Gods? No. This land might not always have been ours. Have you thought of that? That papyrus, those carvings, they were all that I have needed to see. Our ancestors, they knew, and now you try to conceal what's inevitable behind prayers and chanting. You cannot hide the facts for ever. They will return to reclaim what is rightfully theirs, and when that happens, you'd better find it within yourselves to pray to *them*, because your gods will be worshipping them as well.
ERIMEM: I remember. I had no reason to think of it for so long, but now I can see. It wasn't them. The scrolls, I found them. All the pictures, the spiralling words, I thought they were for me.
DOCTOR: You took them, you hid them, didn't you, so you and only you could see them.
ERIMEM: What else could I have thought? They looked like pictures you'd give to a child.
DOCTOR: What did you see?
ERIMEM: Shapes. Dark shapes.
DOCTOR: Look again. See them in your mind, but with the eyes of an adult. Tell me what they are.
ERIMEM: They were just, they can't have been bodies. Arms, claws, massive curled talons shredding, tearing at anything they grasped. And the red marks on the pages. The burning red which drew your stare, made you look directly at their, their eyes. Even though they were drawings, it was like, like they could see you.
DOCTOR: The words. Think of the words. Can you still see them? Your father's translation, do you remember it?
ERIMEM: Blood. It was written in blood.
DOCTOR: See the words again, Erimem. Read them.

ERIMEM: Blood shall be the colour of the land. As they rise, we shall fall and be ensnared by unending night.
DOCTOR: Go on.
ERIMEM: No word shall be spoken of them, no thought brought to light. No memories will hold them. If no man knows they are sleeping, then none shall wake. Doctor, whatever they are, they were meant to be forgotten. My father discovered their existence. That's why he thought the priests took the manuscripts. He knew they would fear them. He knew if they woke their power would be absolute. What are they?
DOCTOR: Your new masters.
ERIMEM: Ah! My eyes!
DOCTOR: It's all right, Erimem. You're back in the pyramid. Keep calm.
ERIMEM: Get away from me! You want them to come back, don't you.
DOCTOR: Their return would be for the greater good.
ERIMEM: They left nothing but carnage and fear.
DOCTOR: It cleanses. Who's to say that without evil good would stay pure? It's natural evolution. The land would be purged, everything would start again.
ERIMEM: But they, whatever they are, they wouldn't stop, even when they're the only things left alive.
DOCTOR: You've travelled with me. You know there are other worlds, other times. Once their task is complete, they'd move on.
ERIMEM: To where?
DOCTOR: I can think of a number of planets that would benefit from a second chance.
ERIMEM: Everyone would die! There would be nothing but death.
DOCTOR: And from decay, nature eventually fights back. Who knows, it might actually be a pleasant place the second time round?
ERIMEM: I don't believe you'd let everything be destroyed when you've fought so hard to stop this kind of thing.
DOCTOR: The final gesture, a last trick up my sleeve that would set everything right. It's hardly an opportunity that I'd want to miss. There had to be a reason why your father wanted to erase you from history. He must eventually have found where you'd hidden the scrolls and realised the potential danger of what you knew. A little knowledge can be a dangerous thing.
ERIMEM: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: You're the last true descendent of your father. It is your right to welcome their return, to embrace the start of their new reign!
ERIMEM: But it's just chance that I'm here. A coincidence. So how could they have known I'd be here, just at the right moment?
DOCTOR: You don't believe for a moment that I simply brought you here to watch me play cricket? I'd never be that shallow when there are far more important matters to plan for.
ERIMEM: I can't be of any use to them if I'm already dead.
DOCTOR: I was wondering when you'd realise that.
(Cracking then rumbling.)
ERIMEM: In the ice, where it's crumbling, I can see something. Oh, it can't be.
DOCTOR: Perfectly preserved. The ice has kept your body temperature at just the right level to stop rigor mortis setting in. I grant you your complexion might be compared to fine marble in that state, but no real harm has been done, for the moment at least.
ERIMEM: If this is my soul, and yet I can see my body, then I know this must be damnation of some kind.
DOCTOR: It's not beyond the boundaries of their capabilities to reunite the two.
ERIMEM: That's not possible!
DOCTOR: Maybe not as far as our understanding of reality is concerned, but it can be done, for a brief time.
ERIMEM: You speak as though I can be reborn.
DOCTOR: Well, yes and no. It all depends on whether you see the sense in what I'm saying.
ERIMEM: You want me to be near, to serve those creatures. Never!
DAVEY: If I may interject.
ERIMEM: You again.
DAVEY: My dear, if you grasp the fact that I am, in some respects, that poor priest, then you might also comprehend that passing into a new body has, how can I put it
DOCTOR: Diminished certain properties.
DAVEY: Thank you, Doctor. You see, said priest has spent decades studying and absorbing

your father's scrolls.
DOCTOR: They were found after a séance, where your friend Pyran admitted that he knew and spoke of where they were.
DAVEY: A spirit guide, quite literally. And in the process of becoming er
DOCTOR: Lord Mortimer Davey of Cornwall.
DAVEY: Indeed. Well, something's not quite right. His convictions, his beliefs, their essence is still intact, but alas, our masters require a guide. I am of no use to them.
DOCTOR: They need a mind they can lock onto and channel their arrival through.
DAVEY: And there's only one real candidate for the job.
ERIMEM: Never.
DAVEY: Predictable reaction, which I dare say makes sense to you. Doctor, if you could just?
DOCTOR: Erimem, it's all you have left. If you agree, you have a chance to be alive, to survive.
ERIMEM: I'm not a fool.
DOCTOR: But you have a destiny. Think of what your father said.
DAVEY: He hated you.
DOCTOR: Despised everything you are.
PERI: He thought you were a joke.
DAVEY: A pathetic failure.
PERI: We all know that's the truth, and so do you.
DOCTOR: I never really wanted you on board the Tardis.
PERI: You held us back.
DAVEY: So inconsiderate. Selfish.
ERIMEM: Stop. Please stop this.
DOCTOR: Why not take the opportunity to prove you're worth something?
PERI: She doesn't want to earn our respect. She's a coward.
DAVEY: She's a martyr to her own selfish vanity.
ERIMEM: Why won't you stop?
DOCTOR: Just say yes, Erimem. Welcome your new masters home.
PERI: Then you'll be free.
DAVEY: You'll be spared.
ERIMEM: Free?
DOCTOR: Free to take your rightful place among the gods.
DAVEY: Free to dethrone your father's place amongst them.
PERI: Can you think of a better glory than that?
DAVEY: Just a simple yes.
PERI: Erimem?
DOCTOR: Prove us wrong. Prove us all wrong.
ERIMEM: If I am to be free of this damnation, then I agree. Yes.
(Loud whispering voices. Erimem screams.)

[Part Three]

ERIMEM: I am the key to make darkness all-powerful. I am the source of all-darknesses light. I am the power to bring their return. I am the key to make darkness all-powerful. I am the source of all-darknesses light.
DOCTOR [OC]: Erimem!
ERIMEM: I, I am (lightning) the power
DOCTOR [OC]: Erimem, no!
ERIMEM: To bring their, their return.
DOCTOR [OC]: Erimem, you have to get away from there.
(Erimem screams.)

BRUCE: Doctor! Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's too late.
BRUCE: I've seen all manner of blizzards, hurricanes, tornadoes wipe the land clean, but that? What kind of freak of nature was that?
DOCTOR: One that doesn't play by the rules.
BRUCE: Oh, come on, old man. No need to go scrabbling around in the dirt like that. She's gone. Never stood a chance. Poor girl must have had a death wish or something.

DOCTOR: General, I take it your expedition's fully equipped with medical supplies?
BRUCE: Well, yes, yes, of course.
DOCTOR: Peri, go and find some Plaster of Paris. It's time to dust down your archaeology training. Those scratches where the cloud touched the ground. See if you can get a basic cast from the deepest one you can find.
PERI: But what about Erimem? Where's her body?
DOCTOR: The faster you work, the faster we can try and save her.
PERI: You mean she's not dead?
DOCTOR: I don't think so. That cloud retreated pretty rapidly as soon as it enveloped her. No, she's certainly been taken.
PERI: It shouldn't have happened. I let her go down to the cellar ahead of me. If I'd been there she never would have gotten
DOCTOR: Peri. Peri, Peri. There's no time to get emotional. Nobody's to blame.
BRUCE: Yes, come on. Chin up and all that.
DOCTOR: Whatever it was, I think its main purpose was to take Erimem. It would have destroyed most of the hotel trying to reach her if she hadn't gone outside. Somehow we have to figure out where it went.
PERI: But how? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, with the Tardis stuck in transit, I'm afraid it's going to be a lot of map reading and guesswork.
BRUCE: You mean its base of operations?
DOCTOR: Sorry?
BRUCE: Where it's camped. Is that what you're trying to figure out?
DOCTOR: Now, General, you sound like a man who might have a vague idea what he's talking about.

(Door opens.)
MATTHEWS: What, the whole lot?
BRUCE: I said, every last one of them.
MATTHEWS: But you dismissed them as being rubbish.
BRUCE: Well, they've been promoted. Now they're vitally important, so get to it, man. I have to prepare for battle.
MATTHEWS: Wouldn't it be best to wait and see if the Doctor can figure out what we're fighting against first?
BRUCE: Strategy. All down to strategy. You'll come to learn, Matthews, that when you have as broad a field of experience in the art of warfare as I do, you let your instincts guide you.
(Unsheaths weapon.)
BRUCE: Folded steel, twenty five inch blade, splayed hook at the end. So once it's tasted flesh it won't let go. Guaranteed to put the wind up anything you wave it at.
MATTHEWS: I'll go and get what you wanted, General.
(Footsteps, door closes.)
BRUCE: Don't forget the ones with me in them!

(Tapping.)
PERI: I haven't had to take a cast from an imprint like this for ages.
DOCTOR: And you're sure there was no sign of him?
PERI: Not a thing. I told her how it would be impossible for him to get to the hotel ahead of us.
DOCTOR: That depends entirely on the means of transportation you choose to travel by. Teleportation, matter transference, some form of physical projection. And the voices?
PERI: It started in the cab.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. After he kissed her hand.
PERI: She couldn't be precise, just that she kept hearing something.
DOCTOR: So somehow, even though it was brief, that tangible moment of contact was enough to establish a link.
PERI: What, with her mind?
DOCTOR: Well, it clearly wasn't strong enough to do more than whisper in her ear a bit and keep track of where she was. Nevertheless, a remarkable bit of psychic prowess for a middle aged Victorian.
PERI: I think the plaster's set. Whatever was in that cloud left tracks, so we should at least get a clue from this.

DOCTOR: Good grief.
PERI: It looks like some sort of claw. It's serrated like there's a row of hooks on the underside.
DOCTOR: Vicious, highly effective, and entirely alien. If you look, there's the imprint underneath of part of the knuckle. It certainly wasn't reptilian, and I should think there's a remarkable amount of articulation there.
PERI: Hmm. It looks like some kind of dinosaur claw.
DOCTOR: Oh, I think our friend here's attached to something far worse. Look at the chips and grazes on its surface.
PERI: Looks like it's been scratching at something.
DOCTOR: Or trying to get out of somewhere it can't escape from.

BRUCE: Fine specimen you bagged yourself there, Doctor. Wouldn't mind hunting one of those down myself.
DOCTOR: If you're not careful, the situation might end up being quite the reverse, General.
BRUCE: Ah ha. Never underestimate the mind of a hunter. Rule number one. No matter how large the prey, they always have their Achilles' heel.
PERI: Rule number two. Always make sure that you don't end up as the prey.
BRUCE: Ah, yes, quite.
(Door opens.)
BRUCE: Ah, Matthews. The photographs. Excellent, excellent.
MATTHEWS: Doctor, I thought you might need a magnifying glass, just to help see things a bit clearer.
DOCTOR: Thank you but no, my spectacles will suffice.
MATTHEWS: As you can see, there's a definite shape clearly moving down the mountain, if you look at each picture in sequence. And then it seems to stop and vanish on this shot. Round about here.
DOCTOR: Now what would be really exceptional is a blow up of these two areas, right here where it seems to be amassing, and here, just below it, where there seems to be a large ice plateau.
MATTHEWS: I think I could probably do that for you. I've jerry-rigged a dark room in one of the hotel store rooms.
DOCTOR: You've got that much equipment here?
MATTHEWS: No, but I'll find a way to get the blow ups. If, er, if Miss Brown would like to help me?
DOCTOR: Only if you ask her nicely. (sotto) And er, Peri, find out about our friend the General. I'm curious what lies behind the bravado and bluster.
PERI: (sotto) But I don't
DOCTOR: (sotto) Of course, Doctor, I was just going.
PERI: (sotto) Okay, okay. (normal) Come on, Matthews. You've got yourself a lab assistant.
(Door closes.)
BRUCE: Hold on a minute. That plateau. It might just be. Where are those charts? I've got an awful feeling that the plateau's exactly where. I knew it. The blasted thing's hovering directly over base camp two.
DOCTOR: And Lord Davey was there?
BRUCE: If he's managed to keep to the schedule, then yes. Yes, undoubtedly.
DOCTOR: We'll need precise coordinates from the map, the finest Sherpas you can muster, a full quota of rations, ropes, ice axes and as much gunpowder as you can lay your hands on. We're going to get Erimem back.
BRUCE: So, I'll make it onto the mountain after all. Excellent! Excellent! I'll have the Sherpas prepare everything so it can be ready by daybreak.
DOCTOR: Excellent. And General, although I normally don't approve of such things, you'd better bring whatever hunting equipment you've got with you. Somehow I think we'll be far from alone when we get there.

PERI: Five, four, three, two, one minute exactly.
(Drip of developing fluids.)
MATTHEWS: Right, you can put the main light back on. Prints should dry pretty quickly,
PERI: General Bruce, he's kind of
MATTHEWS: I think the polite version of the word you're looking for is eccentric.
PERI: Well, I didn't want to say, but

MATTHEWS: He's a liability. A crass, boorish, over-bearing relic. He's no war hero. Anything but. So take any stories of heroics with a pinch of salt. He knows he'll be relegated to being just another statistic in the long term. Another name who fought for his King and Country, nothing more, nothing less. Another forgotten soldier.
PERI: Is that why he's out here leading the expedition?
MATTHEWS: The General is an honorary title, otherwise they'd never let him near the mountain. He fought with Lord Davey's father during the Boer War, so there's a moral obligation on the son's part. I'm just here to make things sound better than they actually were.
PERI: I can tell you want something more. Maybe to get your own stories published? If you use the publicity you get from this, well, who knows what could happen.
MATTHEWS: No, I'm a simple man. I've carved a niche and I'll stick to what I know. Peri, I hate to be so informal, what with you barely knowing me, but
PERI: I really don't think this is a good idea.
MATTHEWS: But I was wondering. I have a wife and child back home. We've a small place near Wapping. I don't want things to be left as they were. Too many words unsaid. If anything happens, this letter, if you could
PERI: But what if nothing happens? What if you get out of here alive?
MATTHEWS: Then I write the coverage for the expedition, and I turn that old war horse into a national monument. He wants fame, recognition, and glory. He'll get it, and he won't know what to do with it when it hits him.
PERI: (laughs) Well, how could I refuse.
MATTHEWS: I'll get these prints to the Doctor. If you can take those ones out of the tray and hang them up to dry while I'm gone.
(Door opens.)
PERI: How long do I have to wait?
MATTHEWS: Only about twenty minutes.
(Door closes.)
PERI: Twenty minutes? Oh, great.
(Bump.)
PERI: Ow! Packing crates? Who on Earth? Property of General Bruce. Hallelujah.
(Opens crate.)
PERI: Books. Nothing but books. Through Tibet and Nepal, The Photographer's Journey. The Legends of Tibet. Mount Everest, The Unconquered Peak. Oh, how exciting.

(Knock on door, door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah. Hello, Mister Matthews.
MATTHEWS: The photographs you wanted.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank you. Thank you. Now. You know, I can't quite make it out, but just around the edge of it.
MATTHEWS: I did bring you the magnifying glass, just in case.
DOCTOR: Oh. Thank you. Yes. Yes, look just there.
MATTHEWS: It seems to be like, well, like some kind of an arm.
DOCTOR: And if you move around the lower part of the cloud, claws, legs, maybe even the occasional tail.
MATTHEWS: I suppose asking you what you think it is would be a bit pointless, wouldn't it?
DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, no. Quite the contrary. If nothing else, your photographs have given me a very precise clue to what we're dealing with.
MATTHEWS: Should I ask, or will it unnerve me?
DOCTOR: Well, it's a combination of many things. Dust, rocks, wood and any natural elements that get picked up in its wake. There's a fair amount of decaying blood in there, drawn from whoever or whatever it's attacked, and the main reason behind it being so black. But I suppose the main ingredient is the manifestation of a combined psychic mass.
MATTHEWS: I knew I should have kept quiet.
DOCTOR: If I was trapped somewhere, and somehow I was able to project an image of myself outside the said prison, it would probably be a weak signal and not capable of doing very much.
MATTHEWS: You mean like a ghost?
DOCTOR: In a sense, but say there were a hundred, maybe even a thousand beings, creatures, call them what you will, combining forces in a similar kind of way. I think that's what our friend the cloud here may well be.

MATTHEWS: And now I've got to try and sleep with that image.
DOCTOR: Take it from me, I've encountered far worse.
MATTHEWS: Well, I have to say it's reassuring to hear you say you've got a plan for dealing with it.
DOCTOR: Oh, anything but. Well, good night. There's a long trek ahead of us. Rest well.
(Footsteps, door closes.)
MATTHEWS: Those two should go into partnership. The Doctor and the General. Great name for a variety act.

PERI: Choma, Comi, Coma. (sighs) Why couldn't they have just given it an English name?
DOCTOR: Chomolungma.
PERI: (gasps) Doctor, I didn't hear you come in.
DOCTOR: Sorry, I should have knocked. I didn't mean to startle you. It means Goddess Mother of the Earth.
PERI: What does?
DOCTOR: Chomolungma. Far more exotic than plain old Mount Everest, don't you think? I take it you can't sleep either.
PERI: How did you guess?
DOCTOR: Well, you're reading a text book on the basics of Tibetan agriculture and industry, and judging from the spine it's not a translation that would normally keep anyone interested beyond the first paragraph. Am I right?
PERI: Okay, Sherlock, you got me.
DOCTOR: Don't worry. Not the most inspiring text. You can guess who done it in the first chapter. Oh dear. Not my best effort, I admit, but not even the slightest smile in return for the attempt?
PERI: Hadn't you noticed? Erimem could be badly injured or even dying, and there's nothing we can do about it. What's to smile about?
DOCTOR: Maybe she's already dead.

BRUCE: And to my brother Bernard Jonathan, I hereby bequeath my estate in north Durham, and ask that he accepts the inheritance of my honorary title and lifetime membership of the Royal Geographical Society, and undertakes all duties that such a position entails. For my niece Catherine, I hereby
(Door opens. Gun readied.)
BRUCE: Halt, or I'll blast you to Kingdom Come.
MATTHEWS: Friend, ally, whatever it ruddy takes. Just don't shoot.
BRUCE: You realise how close you came to meeting your maker?
MATTHEWS: I didn't mean to disturb you. I heard your voice and wanted to check everything was. Is that a will?
BRUCE: Don't mock me, Matthews.
MATTHEWS: No, no, no, I wasn't. I was just, well, do you think there's really a chance we might not, I mean, we don't know what we're facing.
BRUCE: You have youth and tenacity on your side, whereas I, well, I'm sure spirit and determination will win through.
MATTHEWS: You've planned this expedition for three years. You've campaigned unrelentingly for funding, barraged the House of Lords to grant diplomatic immunity for the journey across the war zones. I don't want or need to hear any self-doubt, not now. Not from you.
BRUCE: Damn it, man! I, I, I have to take the civilians into consideration. I do not want to endanger any lives through my, my er
MATTHEWS: Fear? I don't believe it. You wouldn't know how to be fallible if you tried.
BRUCE: How dare you! Do you know who I am? What kind of career I've had? The battles I've
MATTHEWS: Led? The strategies you've devised that became the turning points in countless campaigns? Yes, I know every syllable of it that you dictated, and I don't believe you're going to let any fears of what might be up that mountain get the better of you now.
BRUCE: Don't for one moment think that I don't know what's being said about me amongst the team. The rumours, the lies, the questions. Let me tell you, there comes a point when you begin to question whether there might be some logic behind their words. Just suppose for a moment there is a valid reason. Well, I promise you, it burrows into every thought, until you begin to question your every move.
MATTHEWS: Well, they're the ones who are dead, the ones who have been killed. There's a

matter of restoring honour here, not only towards the expedition but towards yourself. What has happened to the legendary General Bruce of Khartoum? General Bruce of the wars of insurrection in Java?
(Tears paper.)
BRUCE: I couldn't think how to finish it anyway. Promise me one thing. If this is the end, the last campaign, no matter how ignominious a demise I may meet, please make my last words heroic. I dread to go out with a whimper.
MATTHEWS: You have my word.

DOCTOR: Maybe it's too late already. I mean, how selfish of me is it to put so many other lives at risk, trekking up the side of the mountain when it's fairly obvious the chances of her survival are pretty remote. You look shocked.
PERI: That's because I can't believe what I'm hearing. I don't want to.
DOCTOR: All I've done is expose a chink in my armour. Everyone has to admit to the fact they might be wrong, that they might be fallible after all.
PERI: What are you trying to tell me? You want to abandon her up there? You want to leave her to die?
DOCTOR: I'm weighing up my options. Don't tell me I've misjudged you. After all this time together, I thought it was safe for me to express any doubts or fears.
PERI: Well, I, it's just that. Look, it's not the kind of thing I'm used to hearing from you.
DOCTOR: I've just been thinking, that's all. Trying to be realistic for a change.
PERI: Realistic sounds too final. Can't you try optimism for a while?
DOCTOR: She comes from a naturally hot climate, Peri. Her blood will be thin. So the first thing to hit her will be the extreme cold.
PERI: You're not going to drop this, are you? Great. Now you're condemning her to hypothermia.
DOCTOR: Far worse, I'm afraid. Could be too much of a shock to the system. Her heart will try to accommodate for the heat loss by pumping the blood round her system too fast, and that could lead to
PERI: Look, can we please change the subject? Talk about something different for a while.
DOCTOR: Pick a subject.
PERI: Well, how about something positive about Erimem?
DOCTOR: Very well. Do you think she's happy? I never know about these things. In retrospect, opinions can change, and stepping on board the Tardis might have been a mistake.
PERI: You've never asked me if *I* regretted it.
DOCTOR: There's a certain tenacity about you, Peri. I know you can think on your feet.
PERI: Implying what, exactly?
DOCTOR: What do you think I meant?
PERI: That Erimem can't cope? Is that what you're trying to say? That you think you made a mistake for once? Didn't she live up to your expectations, is that the problem? Well, excuse me, but I don't remember there being a list of rules being handed out on how to cope with you or the Tardis.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Are you all right, Peri? I thought I could hear some shouting, and
PERI: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Good grief.
DOCTOR 2: Good evening. Or should it be good morning? It's a bit difficult to tell at this time of night.
PERI: This might sound like a stupid question, but
DOCTOR: Which one's which, yes. I was just wondering if he was going to try and make you guess, or whether he was going to go straight for the which one do you trust routine. By definition, that's the one your typical villain plumps for, so the question is, has he got something more original up his sleeve?
DOCTOR 2: Very witty, Doctor. (voice morphs gradually) I'm sure you'll find a moment or two in the few hours you have remaining to remind your vanity how clever you really are.
DOCTOR: What is it you want, exactly?
DAVEY: That which I already have.
DOCTOR: Yes, I was afraid you'd say that.
PERI: Doctor, if he hurts Erimem
DAVEY: You'll do what, exactly? Please regale me with a threat that I might find passably

entertaining.
PERI: You
DOCTOR: Well, you're obviously concerned that we pose some sort of threat, because wherever you are, you're going to an awful lot of trouble to make your presence felt. Purely telepathic projection, if I'm not mistaken. What was he doing, Peri, planting thought of why we should leave Erimem to her fate?
DAVEY: Be very sure about who you're mocking, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Or would it be more apt to say *what* I am mocking. I doubt very much whether there's anything left of the real Lord Davey, so the question is, who are you, and what have you done with Erimem?
DAVEY: Questions, questions. Is that all you can offer as a threat to me?
DOCTOR: It's not a threat, just a last chance to answer a reasonably civil question with a reasonable answer.
DAVEY: (laughs) You amuse me. I admire you your spirit. Might I suggest that you make peace with whatever gods you believe in, Doctor, because you will shortly be discovering that they don't exist.
DOCTOR: You're avoiding the question.
(Whispering voices.)
DAVEY: I hear you, my masters.
PERI: (sotto) Doctor, don't provoke him.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm certainly making him sweat a little, as you can hear. Backup seems to be arriving.
DAVEY: It would appear that you need a little persuasion to take heed of my advice. I see little reason or need for us to speak again.
PERI: He's vanished!
DOCTOR: Like any magician's conjuring trick, a little sleight of hand can make you think you've seen more than was actually there. I think we'd better go and see what he's chosen to invoke to intimidate us.
(Rumble.)
PERI: That's coming from outside.
DOCTOR: Yes, quite. Are you going to come and look, or wait here for your friend to come back and tell you some more stories?

(Booms, men shouting.)
BRUCE: What in the name of Hades?
MATTHEWS: Get down, General!
BRUCE: We're under attack, and you want me to hide? What do you take me for.
MATTHEWS: Can you see the enemy? No. Can you see anybody attacking us on foot? No.
BRUCE: Artillery bombardment.
MATTHEWS: Open your eyes and look. There's nothing normal about that. Those flames are showering down ice.
BRUCE: Blue fire?
DOCTOR: To a layman, maybe.
MATTHEWS: Peri, you should be under cover.
PERI: Forget it. I'm not letting the Doctor out of my sight.
DOCTOR: In its simplest terms, it's raw psychic energy. Tends to behave like lightning but with a sense of direction. It's blue because it's a hundred below zero and just as destructive as any normal flame.
BRUCE: But it's incinerating all our equipment. Can't we stop it? You know, blow it up or something?
DOCTOR: The source that's generating it is too far away, but I think we can safely say it's worried enough to try and stop us reaching it.
PERI: You mean you're going to ignore all these warnings and threats?
DOCTOR: Absolutely. I was just goading him to see how far I could push him.
PERI: Well, whatever you were doing, it's certainly done the trick.
(Boom!)
DOCTOR: Don't look on the downside, Peri. I'm sure that General Bruce will be able to rustle up some more kit.
MATTHEWS: Get back! Get under cover!
BRUCE: Come to mention it, that's all there was left. I'm afraid assembling enough for the

morning stretched our resources beyond breaking point.
DOCTOR: Ah.
PERI: Now what?
DOCTOR: Well, as mighty Wilkins Micawber once said, something's bound to turn up. In other words
PERI: We wait until morning?
DOCTOR: Couldn't have put it better myself.

(Bugle blows reveille.)
DOCTOR: Come on, Peri. Rise and shine. You haven't lived until you've seen a sunrise in Tibet.
(Door opens.)
PERI: (yawns) Don't tell me. You've been up for hours already.
DOCTOR: And since when have you known me worry about sleep?
PERI: The Tardis!
DOCTOR: Yes! Two of the Sherpas let me borrow their yak for a while, along with their cart. It seems that jelly babies have never got as far as their supply store, so once the Sherpas tasted them, they pretty much agreed to do anything I wanted.
PERI: As long as you let them have the rest of the bag?
DOCTOR: A small but worthy sacrifice. Now, hurry up and get ready. Won't be too long before the porters notice their cargo's been delivered ahead of schedule. One short hop and we should be able to save a lot of time and gain a lot of altitude.
PERI: But what about General Bruce and Matthews? Won't they find the Tardis a bit, well, strange?
DOCTOR: Oh, I've learnt to just let them get on with it. Watching their reactions is far more entertaining than trying to explain what dimensional engineering is.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Welcome to my Tardis, General.
BRUCE: Bless my soul!
(Tardis door closes.)
DOCTOR: I know, I know, it's bigger on the inside etc, etc. It has that effect on everyone.
BRUCE: Well, that's a bit obvious, old man.
DOCTOR: Hopefully, if I can get this to work properly, we should have an accurate rendering of the mountain.
MATTHEWS: That's amazing.
DOCTOR: You think? If I ever get round to cleaning the lenses, I promise you the 3D effect becomes far more crisp.
PERI: I guess the cloud was around about here? Hey, Doctor, should we get some warmer clothes on?
DOCTOR: Good idea, Peri. You and Mister Matthews pop into the storeroom and have a rummage around, yes?
PERI: Come on, Matthews. If you thought this room was weird.
(Door opens, footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Now General, as leader of the expedition, if you'd care to
BRUCE: You know, Doctor, there's money to be made from a device such as this. You'd make a fair penny touring around the halls. Now, if you ever need representation, for a small commission, I'll be willing to consider
DOCTOR: If you could just
BRUCE: Oh, yes, of course. Of course. Now, let's see. Base camp two here, I think. Yes, just here.
DOCTOR: So, if we materialise let's say, two hundred feet or so further across the plateau, I think we should be within a safe distance to take a look at what's going on.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
BRUCE: Oh, bravo, Doctor! Bravo!
DOCTOR: It's not a trick. It rises and falls while we're travelling.
BRUCE: Er, travelling? Really? Are we er going somewhere then?
(The Doctor sighs.)

MATTHEWS: (distant) Peri? Peri, are you there?
PERI: Over here. Third door on the left.
(Footsteps.)
MATTHEWS: It's a bit of a labyrinth in here, isn't it?
PERI: You get used to it. It's like a maze. Always remember to keep turning left and eventually you'll get back home. Trust me, this is one of many storerooms.
MATTHEWS: I think even the White Rabbit himself would get lost in here.
PERI: Here, try this on.
MATTHEWS: Ah, it's a bit tight.
PERI: It's adapting, moulding itself round you.
MATTHEWS: Eh?
PERI: I'm not entirely sure myself. The Doctor picked them up in some market somewhere. They're meant to be all-terrain, all-weather condition friendly.
MATTHEWS: You've used them before, then?
PERI: No. He normally lets me freeze to death. I'm just taking the opportunity to be a bit more prepared this time.
MATTHEWS: The Doctor, I can't tell if he's worried, you know, about what's going to happen.
PERI: He worries about several things a minute, forgets an equal amount every hour, figures out the solution to a problem before he knows what the question is, and only realises things before it's too late when he knows there's enough time to fix them. Take it from me, trust him. He's the only hope we've got.

(The Tardis materialises. Whispering voices. Scanner activates.)
DOCTOR: Well, for the moment the coast appears to be clear.
MATTHEWS: That stuff on the ground. It looks like burnt bits of metal and rags.
DOCTOR: I'd hazard a guess that it's all that's left of your expedition's camp. It's either been destroyed deliberately or got caught up in the path of the cloud.
BRUCE: Damn it all, why won't this blasted thing stop moving?
PERI: If you kept still and let it do its job for a minute.
BRUCE: Haven't they got any yak hide? Far more effective than all this nonsense.
DOCTOR: I'm sure there's a cave mouth there.
MATTHEWS: I don't see it myself.
DOCTOR: Directly on the left. If I just zoom in.
MATTHEWS: Look, something's moving.
PERI: Put the sound on, Doctor.
(Whispering voices.)
DOCTOR: Ah, it would appear our arrival seems to have woken it up. Hold on, everybody. This might get a bit rough.
PERI: It's stopped moving.
DOCTOR: Or is it just standing guard?
PERI: There's something moving below it. Look.
BRUCE: Are you sure it's not just the cloud, my dear?
PERI: No, look. I'm sure I saw something beginning to move out into the light.
DOCTOR: I'm not picking up any signs of life in the immediate vicinity, but
MATTHEWS: No, she's right. Look.
PERI: It's Erimem!
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: No!
PERI: We have to get her out of there.
DOCTOR: No, wait. We have to make sure. It might just be what it wants us to *think* is Erimem. We have to be certain.
BRUCE: She seems to be wearing the same clothes.
PERI: Well, that's good enough for me.
(Runs out.)
DOCTOR: Peri, no! Wait!

(Cold wind.)
PERI: Erimem? Erimem, get away from there. We're over here!
DOCTOR: Peri, get back inside.
PERI: No, Doctor. We have to get her back.

DOCTOR: It's not worth the risk yet. We have to plan out what we're going to do.
PERI: Plan it out? It's always plan it out, and then it's too late.
DOCTOR: If you'll just listen to me for a moment.
PERI: No! No, this is me talking now, and I say I am going to get her away from there before it's too late!
DOCTOR: Why does this always happen to me?
BRUCE: Well, what's going on, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Both of you stay here, and don't do anything until we get back.

PERI: Erimem? Erimem! It's me, Peri. Erimem, please. You have to get away from here.
DOCTOR: Peri, get back.
PERI: Erimem. Oh! Oh no. Her eyes, Doctor. What's happened to her eyes?
DOCTOR: Somehow I think we're too late.
ERIMEM: Erimem? What is Erimem? I am the key to the end of infinity.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: I take it you can understand us.
ERIMEM: I have no words for you.
DOCTOR: This form, this body you're within, why do you need it?
ERIMEM: No words.
PERI: You're not getting anywhere with this.
ERIMEM: (faint) Erimem.
PERI: Erimem? Doctor, that was her voice.
DOCTOR: Erimem, if you can still hear me, tell me what has happened to you.
ERIMEM: I am the key to
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, we know all that. Now, Erimem, if you're still there, just say my name. Let me know that you can hear my voice.
PERI: Why can't she answer?
ERIMEM: (faint) I'm here. Help me.
DOCTOR: She can, but only when she hears you.
PERI: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: I have to know what kind of energy we're dealing with. If we could just get her into the control room.
PERI: Do you think her friend here might want to come along for the ride?
DOCTOR: It all depends on how persuasive you can be.
PERI: Don't leave me alone with her.
DOCTOR: You're the only one who can do this. I have to get the control room ready. Just concentrate and try to get through to Erimem. You have to get her into the Tardis.
PERI: But what if the cloud won't let her? Doctor, don't go yet. Oh, great.

BRUCE: I'm sorry, Doctor, you lost me after the first few words.
DOCTOR: Some kind of force, undoubtedly linked with the cloud, is controlling her, and I need your help to find out what's making it tick.
BRUCE: What do you want us to do?
DOCTOR: Hold this. You keep perfectly quiet and keep aiming the scanner on the disc towards her, and pray that she doesn't notice what you're doing. Same set of rules apply to you, Mister Matthews. Peri's got to draw her inside the Tardis. In order to be able to help her, we've got to find out just how powerful the problem is.
MATTHEWS: I saw her face. What's it done to her eyes?
DOCTOR: Yes, hardly what you'd call attractive. Whatever we're dealing with, it's inside her mind. The black, well, plasma, some kind of vestigial build-up that's seeping out. Now, if you could both just position yourselves on either side of the control room.
BRUCE: The other girl? What exactly have you got her doing then.
DOCTOR: Promise me you'll never repeat this analogy to her, General, but in strict hunting terms, I'm using Peri as bait.

PERI: Think of the book. The book you showed me that you found in the Tardis library. Tell me you can remember.

ERIMEM: (faint) Book.
PERI: Leather bound with gold leaf trim. You thought it was as old as Time because the layers of dust were as thick as sand. Think back. It's not that long ago.
ERIMEM: (faint) Time. Sundown.
PERI: One step forward. Two would be good. Keep going. Got to keep her moving. The words, they made you laugh. You wanted me to see them as well because they made you think of the Doctor.
ERIMEM: (faint) Old.
PERI: You've got it. Can you remember it? The verse? You wanted to learn it, to show the Doctor you could read English. Oh, come on, Erimem. You just proved you can hear me, that you won't let it make you forget. Come on, try.
ERIMEM: (faint) You, you are
PERI: You are old, Father William, the young man said, and your hair has become very white.
ERIMEM: (faint) White.
PERI: Keep moving, Erimem. You have to keep moving towards me.
ERIMEM: (faint) No, no memory.
PERI: You have to remember! Think! Think!
ERIMEM: (faint) And, and yet
PERI: And yet you incessantly stand on your head. Do you think at your age it is right?
DOCTOR: (nearby) Peri, you're nearly there. Just a few more feet. Even when you come into the Tardis, keep your eyes focused on her at all times. Whatever contact you've made, don't break the link.
PERI: What about the cloud?
DOCTOR: Concentrate on Erimem. She's all I want you to worry about.

DOCTOR: Mister Matthews, General Bruce, our guest has arrived. I wonder, as soon as I give the signal, would one of you be so kind as to throw that lever? The doors have to close as soon as Erimem's inside.
PERI: I feared it might injure my brain. But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none
ERIMEM: (faint) None.
PERI: Why, I do it again and again.
DOCTOR: Now!
MATTHEWS: They won't shut. It's trying to get through.
BRUCE: Can't we barricade against it?
DOCTOR: Just aim the scanners at her. We have to get a reading.
ERIMEM: I am the key that has brought their return.
BRUCE: It's breaking through.
DOCTOR: A few more seconds. Brace yourselves against the doors!
PERI: Erimem! Erimem, listen to my voice.
ERIMEM: I am the force that has unleashed their might.
DOCTOR: It's too late, Peri. It's trying to regain control.
BRUCE: Whatever you're trying to do, Doctor, I suggest you hurry. You've probably only got a few seconds before these doors cave in.
DOCTOR: Nearly there! Five, four,
ERIMEM: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Three, two
ERIMEM: You will now bow down before us.
DOCTOR: Now!
PERI: Doctor!
(Doors close. Quiet.)
MATTHEWS: Peri? Peri, are you all right?
BRUCE: The doors are holding now. I think it's over.
PERI: The Doctor. Where's the Doctor?
BRUCE: Sorry, my dear. Casualties of war and all that. Erimem and the Doctor, they're gone.

DAVEY: There's a certain degree of pride to be had when one's club offers an array of thirty three different varieties of brandy, but I'm afraid to say that I always find the most basic and common labels are the ones that hit the spot. Wouldn't you agree, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Where, where am I?
DAVEY: Come, come, Doctor. A minor ache about the temples, maybe. Even a slight odorous

taste lurking within the palate, but please offer some reassurance that your powers of perception and deduction remain intact. I would never forgive myself were I to think that I had blunted the only weapons you have to hand.
DOCTOR: That grandfather clock. The inscription plate on the front. Lord Charles James Mandeville, a legendary heavyweight politico and gambler extraordinaire, who once played for twenty two hours and lost eleven thousand guineas. I was there the night it happened. He gifted the clock to remind all who saw it of the time it took to lose a fortune.
DAVEY: Bravo, Doctor. Bravo.
DOCTOR: And its mechanism is engineered in such a way that it refuses to chime on the twenty third and twenty fourth hour of every day. This has to be the Belvedere Club off Pall Mall.
DAVEY: Exceptional. Exceptional.
DOCTOR: But more to the point, why am I here? You went to an awful lot of trouble to. Of course. I take it Erimem was under your control all the time.
DAVEY: I'm surprised you expected anything less. Besides, curiosity overcame us. Fascinating box of tricks you've got here.
DOCTOR: The Tardis won't be that easy to take, if that's the underlying scheme behind all of this.
DAVEY: Oh, do try to relax, dear chap. I find the rebellious nature behind your blatant futility most stimulating, hence my facilitating a style to which I assume you'd be accustomed for the final few minutes of your existence.
DOCTOR: How considerate of you.
DAVEY: Yes, isn't it just. Cigar?
DOCTOR: I prefer my burning leaves on a bonfire during Guy Fawkes Night, so thank you, but no. Nevertheless, I do feel there's more behind this than you're letting on.
DAVEY: Enlighten me, Doctor. What er, what leads you to such and astute conclusion?
DOCTOR: Well, I take it there's someone else you want me to meet before I die. A third empty chair in a little circle. There has to be a reason for its presence. Or is your other visitor simply running late?
AMENHOTEP: On the contrary. I was merely waiting for the appropriate moment to appear.
DOCTOR: Good grief.

PERI: Come on, think. You've got to think. Which controls would he use?
BRUCE: There's nothing you can do, young lady. Too late for the Doctor, I'm afraid.
PERI: Well, weigh up the options, then. We either try and get the Doctor back, or we stay here until we're no more than an icicle.
MATTHEWS: Well, what can we do?
PERI: The Doctor was trying to get some sort of printout from the Tardis databanks, so if could just
(Beeps.)
PERI: Hallelujah! Oh, no, no, no, Doctor, why did you have to put it in binary!
BRUCE: Maybe we should mount some kind of all-out assault? I take it there's some sort of armoury on board?
PERI: There aren't any weapons here.
BRUCE: Bit of a pacifist, is he, this Doctor chap of yours?
PERI: He just doesn't have the kill first ask questions later attitude that so many military minds tend to thrive on.
BRUCE: Now look here!
PERI: Now you listen to me. You won't even get a change to think about pulling a trigger before you're dead! You can't rationalise how dangerous this situation is, so don't even start to try. Do you honestly think that thing will stay up here? It's waited for the right time, and I've got a pretty bad feeling that Erimem's being used to make that happen right here and now.
BRUCE: But without the Doctor
PERI: We are the only chance we've got. Don't forget it.
MATTHEWS: Just a minute. Some of these pages, it's not all numbers. The last two, I don't know what it means, but it's something about temperatures.
PERI: Let me see. Core temperature of the cloud is just below freezing. At this altitude it must be way below that.
MATTHEWS: Easily.
PERI: It seemed slow when I was trying to lead Erimem into the Tardis, just hovering above

her, but if that was because the cold's affecting it, and those creatures, the ones you can make out on the photographs, they weren't there this time, but why? Unless it's too cold for them as well.
BRUCE: A lot of use that information is to us. What do we do, get down on our knees and pray for a snowstorm?
PERI: General, you're a genius!
BRUCE: Where on Earth is she off to?
MATTHEWS: I'm learning that where Peri is concerned, it's probably safer to save the questions for later and just follow her. Come on.

DOCTOR: Pharaoh Amenhotep the Second. I've read all your hieroglyphics. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir. How are you coping with a frock coat and cravat? Must make an interesting change from what you're normally used to.
(Whispering voices.)
AMENHOTEP: No, wait. Allow him his flippancy. There is only so long before a fool's mask gives way to the truth that lies beneath, and you are anything but foolish, aren't you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: One tries one's best.
AMENHOTEP: Because it would only be a fool who thinks we do not realise that he is as we are. Not of this planet. Or time.
DOCTOR: Indeed, I've been asking myself about the nature of your origins for quite some time. You've always been feared, deified, and lifted to the rank of ancient gods, all-powerful and omnipresent, but I'd hazard a guess the truth is a little different. You're simply stranded on the Earth and annoyed at being outwitted.
(Whispering voices.)
DOCTOR: You take the form of Erimem's father, and I can't see a reason why. Somehow I don't think you've drawn it from Erimem's memory. And Lord Davey? Well, he was simply there at the wrong time, a victim of necessity for whatever it is you're planning. But you?
DAVEY: Doctor, I would strongly advise you
DOCTOR: How fascinating. You're afraid of him. You're actually worried what the ramifications could be for you if I manage to offend him.
AMENHOTEP: Go on, Doctor. I'll allow you your moment of deductive prowess if it gives you a sense of hope.
DOCTOR: Well, let's see. You're clearly in charge, and that would tend to indicate some form of structural hierarchy within your species, but that still doesn't answer my question about dear old Pharaoh, unless. Unless he's your last collective memory, stored, repressed and now resented.
AMENHOTEP: I believe the term you're looking for to apply to him is that of jailer?
DOCTOR: Of course. And I really must have touched a nerve. Your grip on the psychic projection you've surrounded me with seems to have faltered. Victorian elegance giving way to thick balls of ice, cracked and corroded through the onslaught of time. The Belvedere Club was never this bleak as far as I can recall.
AMENHOTEP: But eternity is. Then again, I think I'm in the presence of someone who can appreciate my words.
DOCTOR: I dare say that from your point of view, fate has dictated that you're right. But this chamber, it fascinates me.
AMENHOTEP: Go on.
DOCTOR: Well, an educated guess would say that this is the interior of a pyramid, hand carved out of the core of an ice flow deep in the heart of the mountain. Did he really turn Mount Everest into your tomb? If the scale of the burial chamber's a mark of respect, I'd take it as a compliment if I were you.
AMENHOTEP: Your willingness to understand intrigues me, Doctor. Maybe you should know the truth.

PERI: General, be careful. The liquid in these cylinders can petrify your entire body and make shatter in less than a second.
BRUCE: And that's meant to offer us comfort when we're carrying them on our backs?
PERI: Just be careful. I don't even know if this is going to work.
MATTHEWS: So, we aim the nozzles where?
PERI: Directly at the cloud. The canisters are full of liquid nitrogen. I took the firing triggers off some high pressure fire extinguishers I found in one of the laboratories, so hopefully they

should shoot it across ten, maybe fifteen, feet.
BRUCE: Would it be reckless of me to point out that that involves us getting awfully close to the said target.
PERI: It's the only way, and this is the best chance I could come up with for us. There's a level of physical matter in that cloud that should start to weigh it down, if we manage to freeze it.
MATTHEWS: So it should be incapacitated.
PERI: That's the theory.
BRUCE: But what if it reaches us before we get a chance to fire?
PERI: Well, you'd better make sure your aim's good.

AMENHOTEP: Behold, Doctor, the Pharaoh's slaves, countless priests continuing their pathetic entombment rituals as they hollowed out our fate.
DOCTOR: It's as smooth as glass. An unending refractive surface. Unending images from every angle. Wasn't that one of the basic theories on ensnaring creatures of the
AMENHOTEP: Dark Time? I believe that is one of the names that has been ascribed to our last reign.
DOCTOR: Of course. The racial memory of the entire species has preserved your kind as one of humanity's most basic nightmares. You embody everything from the bogeyman to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
DAVEY: Because we bring chaos, insanity and death? It's merely a means to an end. This world is not theirs, nor shall it remain so in any of their minds. And once its life forces are no more
AMENHOTEP: We shall move on to whichever world we see fit.
DOCTOR: So this is the final resting place of the Great Old Ones.
AMENHOTEP: The Pharaoh is to be admired in one respect, and one respect only. He knew he could not harness our energies, our hatred, our bile.
DOCTOR: But he tried, didn't he? He also found a way to lure you here and trap you, and he knew he was liable to die in the attempt.
DAVEY: Only the misguided could fail to worship us, and he was a prime example. But there are none who will trick us again. None who can stop our return.
DOCTOR: I've heard this so often before. Plans for conquest, domination, death on a scale that few can comprehend. But the human spirit is always there, and always underestimated.
AMENHOTEP: Why Doctor, if I wasn't certain that I was hearing you correctly, it almost sounds as though you are deluding yourself.
DAVEY: Surely he can't believe that he alone can stop us?
AMENHOTEP: Perhaps it would prove more entertaining if I granted him a final wish.
DAVEY: Although I think it's content would be fairly predictable. Please, be our guest.
ERIMEM: Doctor? Doctor, I thought you were dead. I was, I was only. Oh, my eyes. I can barely see.
AMENHOTEP: Is that the best you could wish for?
DOCTOR: There was no need to do this to her.
DAVEY Her bloodline dictated otherwise.
AMENHOTEP: And before you begin eulogising about how you'll stop us, contemplate if you will a single pertinent fact.
DAVEY: The girl is back with you, and to all intents and purposes, save for a few cuts, she's exactly as she was when last you saw her.
DOCTOR: Meaning?
AMENHOTEP: She's fulfilled her purpose.
DOCTOR: It's too late, isn't it. You're already free.

BRUCE: It seems to be ignoring us.
PERI: I don't think it's interested. We're no real threat to it, so maybe it's just standing guard?
MATTHEWS: It probably only attacked when Erimem was there to guide it.
PERI: I don't think it works like that, but you could be half right. Whatever's controlling it used Erimem as its eyes.
BRUCE: So we stand a chance, then?
PERI: Let me ask you a question, General. At Rourke's Drift, even though the odds were insurmountable, they kept on fighting, didn't they?
BRUCE: Well, I, yes.
PERI: So, you go to the right. Matthews, you go to the left, and I'll go head on.

BRUCE: That's not really an answer.
MATTHEWS: So, when do we open fire?
PERI: Simple. When you think you're about to die.
(Walking on snow.)
PERI: And when exactly were you guys planning to wish me good luck? Typical.

ERIMEM: These creatures I saw in my mind, Doctor, not even in my worst nightmares I have ever seen such, such
DOCTOR: That's the point, Erimem. Nobody has for quite some time. They're still dazed, not quite sparking on all cylinders, what with their enforced hibernation.
ERIMEM: What are they?
DOCTOR: Technically speaking, some kind of parasitic lifeform. I've seen pictures, heard legends about similar kinds of creatures before, but these, they seem to have interbred with other species desperate to survive, hence the rather wide array of mutations. Kind of one last stab at escaping extinction. But they're some kind of locust, draining whatever kind of world they infect dry. I'd say they're clearly sentient, to a certain degree telepathic, and slightly telekinetic. Look out!
(Whoosh, Erimem screams.)
ERIMEM: I can barely see anything!
DOCTOR: Perhaps it's for the best. Tell me, Peri was saying that you've been learning to read.
ERIMEM: What's the point? It means nothing now.
DOCTOR: No, Erimem, no. It means everything. Tell me, what have you read?
ERIMEM: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Tell me, please. I want to know.
ERIMEM: I read a poem. A stupid, stupid poem.
(Whoosh, scream.)
DOCTOR: Concentrate, Erimem. I really want to hear it. Concentrate. Forget all about this. Tell me.
ERIMEM: Oh, you, you are old Father er
DOCTOR: Father William, excellent, excellent. Go on.
ERIMEM: Oh Doctor, I can't.
DOCTOR: Go on!
ERIMEM: You are old, Father William, the young man said, and your hair. Oh, and your hair has become very white.

PERI: And yet you consistently stand on your head. Do you think at your age that is right? Oh, keep calm. Got to keep calm. Wait, wait. Got to wait till it's nearer. No, no, no, don't back away. Closer! Closer! Now!
(Pressurised gas hisses.)
BRUCE: I can't make it fire.
MATTHEWS: It worked! I can't believe it actually worked!
PERI: It's not over yet.
BRUCE: Good. What now? Back to the er, oh, what'd you say it was called?
PERI: The Tardis? You've got to be kidding.

DOCTOR: Erimem, just keep the thought in your head. You are what you always were and what you always shall be, and nothing, nothing can ever take it away from you. Say it.
ERIMEM: I can't.
DOCTOR: Say it, Erimem. Say it!
DAVEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: You pretended to be a man of nobility, a man of character and style, so why prolong this any longer? If this is the end, then make it brief.
DAVEY: Why do you not fear us?
DOCTOR: What?
DAVEY: Your thoughts betray only concern for the girl. A sense of anger, almost guilt. You know you cannot save her and yet there is no fear at the cause of your demise. Why? I have to know why.
DOCTOR: Well, I have to say, reverting to your natural form has wreaked havoc with your sartorial style.

DAVEY: Do not mock me, Doctor. Make your answer brief, and you have my word your death will be succinct and to the point.
DOCTOR: Why? Go on, answer me if you can.
DAVEY: It is *you* who has to .
DOCTOR: You know I don't fear you, so what value is a threat or a bargain for something when I know your words are meaningless?
DAVEY: Answer the question!
DOCTOR: Give me a reason. False promises are irrelevant. Or how about answering this. What are you called?
DAVEY: This is not a tournament, Doctor. There is no joust to win here.
DOCTOR: You can't answer because there is no answer. The Old Ones. The Old Gods. Is that the best you can do? You put on a show letting me deduce your fate, when I knew all along you were feeding the information into my mind. You're the ones who are dying. The last vestiges of your kind held together by the ravaged DNA of species you've obliterated, clinging on to the distant legends of what you once were.
DAVEY: You are close to death! Why do you not see that in your mind?
DOCTOR: Oh, I've been there four times already. Tends to lose the novelty value after the first three. If you're in my head, dig deeper. If you've enough force to scrape away the dirt, see what you can find.
DAVEY: You do not fear us, because
DOCTOR: Because I know that there will always be shadows, darker places where there are far worse minds, far worse threats than anything you and your kind can even dream of! Fear isn't a state of mind, it's a force that blows through it, growing stronger and reaching out, touching anything it can. So yes, you're right. Why fear something when you know all too well that worse is to come? That even in defeat there will always be something to destroy the destroyer.
PERI: Doctor! Doctor, get away from there!
(Liquid nitrogen being used.)
DAVEY: What, what is this?
DOCTOR: Wonderful timing on Peri's part, and a bit of a problem for you.
ERIMEM: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Let her go.
DAVEY: If I've learned one thing about reading these human minds, Doctor, it's that the art of victory is always judged by the quality of success, so there's always room for one final, unfortunate tragedy. Argh!
(Crackle, thud.)
DOCTOR: Erimem. it's all right, you're safe.
BRUCE: I feel as though I've just stabbed an old friend in the back.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, General. Whatever was left of him was purely aesthetic.
PERI: Doctor, look out! Stand back!
(Hiss of gas. Crackle of frozen solids.)
DOCTOR: What did I tell you about using the liquid nitrogen canisters?
PERI: Oh, come on, Doctor. If I hadn't
DOCTOR: Peri, Peri. If I ever bring up the subject again, feel free to ignore me completely.
MATTHEWS: Is that it then? Are they dead? Has this stuff killed them?
DOCTOR: I think the appropriate word is annoyed rather than killed. Might I suggest we retreat from here post-haste? I don't think it would be wise to risk any sudden temperature changes. And General Bruce?
BRUCE: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I need you to undertake one more mission for me.

(Cold wind.)
MATTHEWS: I can never remember which way the connections go.
BRUCE: Oh, damn it, man. It's a simple enough procedure. You are proving a great disappointment to me, Matthews. A grave, grave disappointment.
MATTHEWS: I'm a writer, not a soldier. The strategies, the campaigns, that's where *your* mind is, that's how *you* think, and that's what you are. I have words, nothing more, nothing less. You're a great man, General. Nobody can deny that. But will you never understand that my place, my position in life, is to make others understand that through words.
BRUCE: The wires go round the main connectors. The plunger won't detonate anything unless

they're secure. The screws have to be firmly in place.
MATTHEWS: You didn't hear a word of what I just said, did you.
BRUCE: There's enough explosive round the foot of that cave mouth to seal it until Kingdom Come. Not even the Devil himself could get out of that one. And I think you should have the honour.
MATTHEWS: Sorry?
BRUCE: You, old boy. The plunger awaits. Give you something to write about with those words of yours. Your own speciality, your weapons, if you like. We'd be damn well lost without them.
MATTHEWS: Thank you.
BRUCE: Thank you what?
MATTHEWS: Thank you, General, sir.
BRUCE: Well, don't just stand there, man. Do it now.
(KaBOOM!)

(Running in.)
BRUCE: Whatever it is you have to do to get us out of here, Doctor, now might be an ideal moment to start.
DOCTOR: How much of the explosives did you use?
BRUCE: Well, er, the cave had to be sealed. Don't want any of those blighters getting out, do we now?
DOCTOR: Yes, but how much did you use?
BRUCE: Now look. I've been involved in enough conflicts. Blown up bridges, destroyed dams, even sunk one or two ships. Explosives are an area of expertise where I'm concerned.
DOCTOR: Now hold on a minute. I simply showed you where the supply in the Tardis was. You weren't meant to take the whole
PERI: Enough to cause an avalanche. Look at the scanner.
DOCTOR: Hold on tight!
(Rumble, the Tardis dematerialises.)

BRUCE: There'll be questions.
MATTHEWS: Lots of questions.
BRUCE: We'll have to get a telegram to London as soon as possible.
DOCTOR: Well, I'll set the coordinates for the capital, then. Just in time for the start of the cricket season.
BRUCE: But we left after it began.
DOCTOR: Lords Cricket Ground, anyone?
PERI: Oh, great.
BRUCE: This er, Tardis contraption of yours, Doctor. How's it all done then? Mirrors?
DOCTOR: I'm sure my young friend here will answer all your questions while I just check on our patient.
PERI: What?
DOCTOR: Remember, Peri, keep it basic. Don't try and confuse our guests.
PERI: Don't leave me to
(Door opens, footsteps recede.)
PERI: Doctor!
MATTHEWS: You were about to say, Peri?
(Peri sighs.)

DOCTOR: Erimem. Erimem? You awake?
ERIMEM: Yes. I don't want to sleep.
DOCTOR: I see you've turned the sickbay lights off. Are they hurting your eyes.
ERIMEM: They were making me want to close them.
DOCTOR: No, you've lost me on that one.
ERIMEM: I fought to stay awake in the darkness. All I wanted to do was see where I was, what was happening to me, but all I could see was the unending shadows. The lights, there was something comforting about them. Reassuring. I'm afraid to give in to sleep, though. I have to stay awake. I don't want to be trapped again.
DOCTOR: Erimem, it's over. They're gone.
ERIMEM: You say that, Doctor, but you were there, in the dark. You said things. Things about

my father. Things about being here on board the Tardis.
DOCTOR: They were tricks. They were using your memories, your sense of the past. They were manipulating you into agreeing to helping them. Your father trapped them there. He knew that the one thing evil cannot stand, no matter what form it takes, is its own reflection. He made a prism, and knew they would retreat into the only shadows they could find. Themselves.
ERIMEM: But why me? Why did they use me?
DOCTOR: They needed a catalyst. Something that would fear them, draw them back into existence. Lord Davey was essentially a soldier. His immediate instinct would have been to fight against them, but you, Erimem, you've feared them since you were a child. They couldn't have asked for anyone better.
ERIMEM: But they're gone? Please, Doctor, tell me they're gone.
DOCTOR: Gone. But unfortunately never forgotten. I won't lie to you about that. I can't take away the memory or the experience of what you've been through. I can't even apologise for letting this happen. There aren't enough words.
ERIMEM: You don't have to try. I heard a great man say, what is life if you do not take on adventure. His words were wise and true.
DOCTOR: He was right.
ERIMEM: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
ERIMEM: You can put the lights back on.